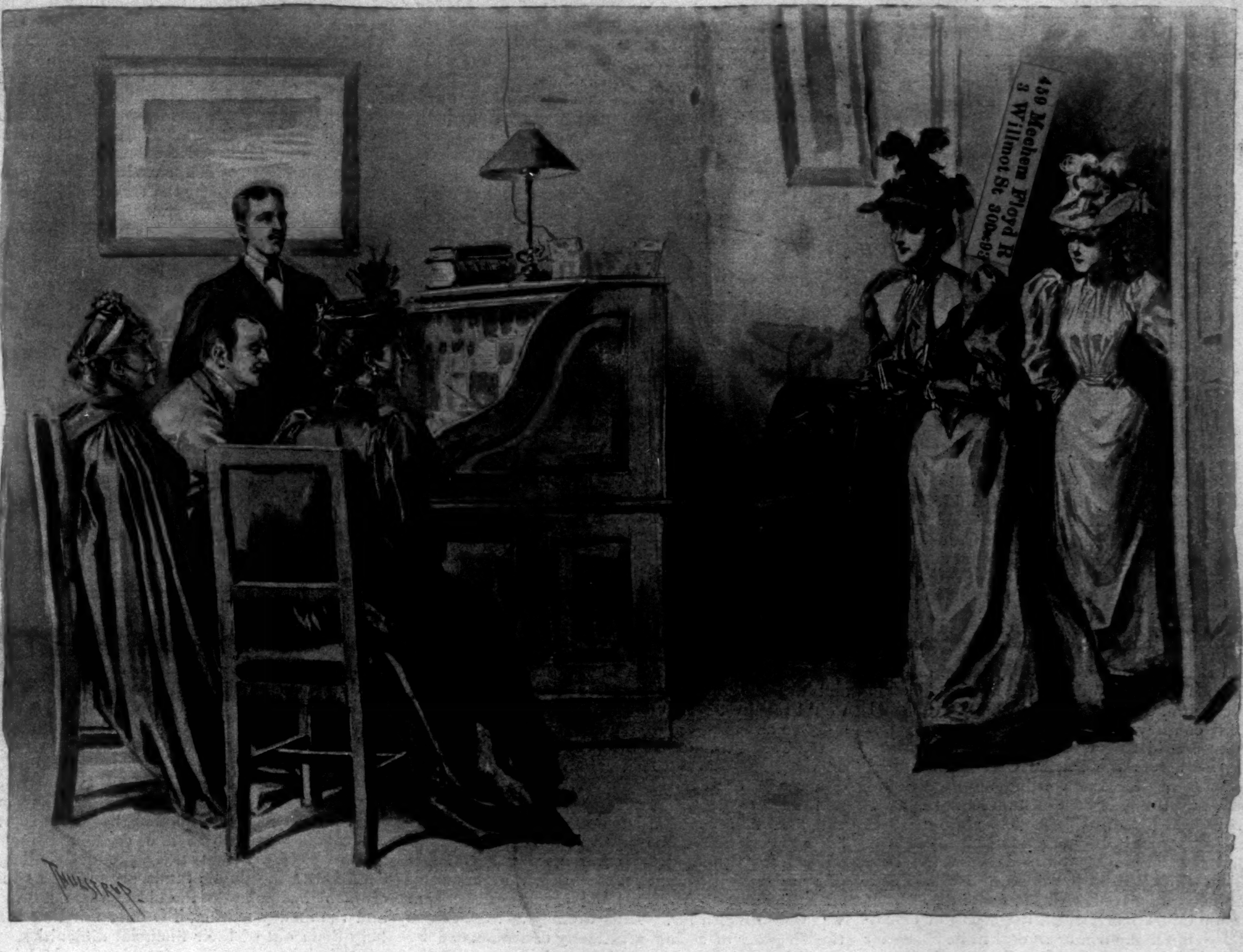
THE SILVER QUESTION. By Congressman John De Witt Warner, of New York. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1902.
Copyright, 1893, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

INTRODUCTION.

BETWEEN the former site of old Fort Dearborn and the present site of our newest Board of Trade there lies a restricted yet tumultuous territory through which, during the course of the last fifty years, the rushing streams of commerce have worn many a deep and rugged chasm. These great cañons—conduits, in fact, for the leaping volume of an ever-increasing prosperity—cross each other with a sort of systematic rectangularity, and in deference to the practical directness of local requirements they are in general called simply—streets. Each of these cañons is closed in by a long frontage of towering cliffs, and these soaring walls of brick and limestone and granite rise higher and higher with each succeeding year, according as the work of erosion at their bases goes onward—the work of that seething flood of carts, carriages, omnibuses, cabs, cars, messengers, shoppers, clerks, and capitalists, which surges with increasing violence for every passing day. This erosion, proceeding with a sort of fateful regularity, has come to be a matter of constant and growing interest. Means have been found to measure its progress—just as a scale has been arranged to measure the rising of the Nile or to gauge the draught of an ocean liner. In this case the unit of measurement is called the "story." Ten years ago the most rushing and irrepressible of the torrents which devastate Chicago had not worn its bed to a greater depth than that indicated by seven of these "stories." This depth has since increased to eight—to ten—to fourteen—to sixteen, until some of the leading avenues of activity promise soon to become little more than mere obscure trails half lost between the bases of perpendicular precipices.

High above this architectural upheaval rise yet other structures in craglike isolation. El Capitan is duplicated time and again both in bulk and in stature, and around him the floating spray of the Bridal Veil is woven by the breezes of lake and prairie from the warp of soot-flakes and the woof of damp-drenched smoke.

The explorer who has climbed to the shoulder of one of these great captains and has found one of the thinnest folds in the veil may readily make out the nature of the surrounding country. The rugged and erratic plateau of the Bad Lands lies before him in all its hideousness and impracticability. It is a wild tract full of sudden falls, unexpected rises, precipitous dislocations. The high and the low are met together. The big and the little alternate in a rapid and illogical succession. Its perilous trails are followed successfully by but few—by a lineman, perhaps, who is balanced on a cornice, by a roofer astride some dizzy gable, by a youth here and there whose early apprehension of the main chance and the multiplication table has stood him in good stead. This country is a treeless country—if we overlook the "forest of chimneys" comprised in a bird's-eye view of any great city, and if we are unable to detect any botanical analogies in the lofty articulated iron funnels whose ramifying cables reach out wherever they can, to fasten wherever they may. It is a shrubless country—if we give no heed to the gnarled carpentry of the awkward frame-works which carry the telegraph, and which are set askew on such dizzy corners as the course of the wires may compel. It is an arid country—if we overlook the numberless tanks that squat on the high angles of alley walls, or if we fail to see the little pools of tar and gravel that ooze and shimmer in the summer sun on the roofs of old-fashioned buildings of the humbler sort. It is an airless country—if by air we mean the mere combination of oxygen and nitrogen which is commonly indicated by that name. For here the medium of sight, sound, light, and life becomes largely carbonaceous, and the remoter peaks of this mighty yet unprepossessing landscape loom up grandly, but vaguely, through swathing mists of coal smoke.

From such conditions as these—along with the Tacoma, the Monadnock, and a great host of other modern monsters—towers the Clifton. From the beer-hall in its basement to the barber-shop just under its roof the Clifton stands full eighteen stories tall. Its hundreds of windows glitter with multitudinous letterings in gold and in silver, and on summer afternoons its awnings flutter score on score in the tepid breezes that sometimes come up from Indiana. Four ladderlike constructions which rise skyward stage by stage promote the agility of the clambering hordes that swarm within it, and ten elevators—devices unknown to the real aboriginal inhabitants—ameliorate the daily cliff-climbing for the frail of physique and the pressed for time.

The tribe inhabiting the Clifton is large and rather heterogeneous. All told, it numbers about four thousand souls. It includes bankers, capitalists, lawyers, "promoters"; brokers in bonds, stocks, pork, oil, mortgages; real-estate people and railroad people and insurance people—life, fire, marine, accident; a host of principals, agents, middlemen, clerks, cashiers, stenographers, and errand-boys; and the necessary force of engineers, janitors, scrub-women, and elevator hands.

All these thousands gather daily around their own great camp-fire. This fire heats the four big boilers under the pavement of the court which lies just behind, and it sends aloft a vast plume of smoke to mingle with those of other like communities that are settled round about. These same thousands may also gather—in instalments—at their tribal

(Continued on page 527.)

Subscribe to

HARPER'S WEEKLY

during the Columbian Exposition, twenty-six Weeks, for

TWO DOLLARS

Beginning with the superb Number published MAY 10, *which was devoted to the opening of the Chicago Fair. The Numbers, when taken together, will form a most Valuable Pictorial History of the Greatest Exhibition of Modern Times. Address*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money-Order or Draft. Postage FREE in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 3, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE GEARY LAW.

If the Congress of the United States had taxed its whole ingenuity to devise an act of legislation for the very purpose of exposing the American people to the contempt and ridicule of all civilized mankind it could hardly have succeeded better than by the enactment of the law providing that all the Chinese living in this country should have themselves registered with certain government officials, and that those who failed to do so by a certain day should first be put into prison and then shipped back to China. This act presents a most striking combination of depravity of heart and of feebleness of mind. Nothing can be more brutal in purpose, and it is at the same time so foolishly planned as to be incapable of practical execution. The idea of imprisoning and forcibly deporting a hundred thousand Chinese for no other crime than that of simply being Chinese is inhuman and barbarous enough to drive the blush of shame upon the cheek of every American who has the good name of his country at heart. And to enact such a law without considering what it means to imprison and to carry across the Pacific Ocean a hundred thousand persons—for the contingency of general disobedience on the part of the Chinese to the mandate of registration had to be kept in view and provided for—was worthy only of a set of brainless boys playing at legislation. But this is what the Congress of the United States has done, and what President HARRISON approved with his signature. That the Supreme Court has decided the act to be constitutional does not make it more moral in its character or less silly in its provisions. Nor does it reflect upon the Supreme Court, for Congress may do a great many atrocious and foolish things which the Supreme Court, according to correct principles, will be bound to recognize as being within the limits of the constitutional powers of the national legislature.

The agencies which brought forth this law are known to every well-informed man. It stands as one of the most striking triumphs of brazen demagogy in the history of our days. It was pretended that the people of the Pacific States were almost without exception hotly intent upon the removal of the Chinese from this country. A Presidential election was impending. The representatives of the two great political parties in Congress thought it "good politics" to outbid one another for the votes of the Pacific States. The more extreme an anti-Chinese measure was proposed by one side, the more necessary it seemed to the other to adopt it. In their mad race for partisan advantage Republicans and Democrats tumbled over each other, and the GEARY law was the outcome. Now that the Presidential election is behind us, we are confronted by the consequences of the reckless competition for votes. Not only does the wickedness as well as the folly of the thing done come home to us, but we also become aware of the fact that the thing was done on a false pretence. It is not true that the people of the Pacific coast are unanimously in favor of the expulsion of the Chinese, nor even in a measure approaching unanimity. If they were they would not need a law to drive out the Chinamen. The Chinese in America do not live on one another, but on the white people. It is to the white people that they sell their wares if they are merchants or manufacturers, or their labor if they are laborers. If the white people wish to get rid of the Chinese, all they have to do is no longer to buy from them nor to employ them—in other words, to make it utterly unprofitable to them to be here. Then the Chinese will make haste to get away without any other measure of compulsion. But so long as the white people of the Pacific coast continue to buy from the Chinese, and to employ them as laborers, and thus to offer them an inducement for staying in this country, it must not be pretended that public sentiment there is overwhelmingly against the presence of the Chinese, and they must not ask for the exertion of the national power to expel them. Such a demand is, under the circumstances, a barefaced imposition.

The truth is that the anti-Chinese movement on the Pacific coast has been artificially worked up by the most reckless among the labor agitators, and that, as has frequently been the case also in other parts of the country, the politician, too cowardly to resist the current, took up the cry, and made it appear as the expression of a universal sentiment. That the infusion of a large Mongolian element into the population of this country would not be a desirable thing may be generally admitted. But there never has been any real danger of this. The number of Chinese among us has always been small, and it is a well-known fact that a very large majority of them, after a few years sojourn here, return to their native country, while only an infinitesimal proportion settle down permanently on American soil and become fathers of families. It is true that on the Pacific coast they congregate in sufficient numbers to make perceptible what disagreeable qualities they have. But it is also in the development of the Pacific coast that Chinese labor has made itself especially useful, and it will be universally admitted that without it the Pacific States would not have become what they are. And if the Chinese disappeared to-day it would probably be found extremely difficult to fill their place in the working force of that region, and a pro-Chinese reaction would not be an impossible thing. At any rate, they have not brought any distempers or dangers upon American society, nor do they threaten to bring any, that would require violent remedies or preventives. Such an act of barbarism as the GEARY law is therefore, looked at from whatever point of view, without the slightest excuse.

It may be taken as a favor of fortune that the statesmen who framed the GEARY law and put it through Congress forgot to attach to it an appropriation of money, making its execution possible. They have thus relieved the President of the duty of doing what he would have had to do had the necessary means been given him. The incarceration and deportation of a hundred thousand Chinese would require the expenditure of millions, while not a dollar has been appropriated for the purpose, and as the Constitution does not permit the President to draw money from the Treasury "but in consequence of appropriations made by law," he can use no public funds for the enforcement of the GEARY law, for which no appropriation has been made. The demagogues may fume and threaten, but they cannot compel the President to violate a fundamental law of our constitutional government for the purpose of executing a legislative act the execution of which was not provided for. Thus we may at least escape the disgrace of seeing practically consummated by executive act, in the name of the American people, that which the American people are heartily ashamed of; for it is hardly to be assumed that the new Congress will leave the GEARY law on the statute-book, or even vote money for its enforcement in the face of the public sentiment which in the mean time has made itself heard against it, and which, when aroused, speaks in more powerful tones to the politicians in Congress than the orators of the sand lots in San Francisco.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE TREASURY.

FRIDAY, the 5th of May, will be long remembered in Wall Street as one of the days that have brought disaster to speculators and their creditors. On the following day some of the newspapers printed interviews with leading bankers and brokers, and most of those who gave their opinions and their sentiments to the press condemned Secretary CARLISLE for not using his power to prevent a panic. One of them remarked that Mr. CARLISLE did not know his business, his business being that of banking. He was said to be the head of the largest bank in the country.

This view of the Treasury of the United States is not uncommon. Many bankers, representing the most important and most widely known houses in the country, have gone to Washington for the purpose of consulting and advising with Mr. CARLISLE and of urging him to use his resources for the benefit of the money market. They have insisted that it is the duty of the Treasury to play beneficent parent to the banking interests whenever they find themselves in difficulty. This idea is the result of long development and steady growth. It has been fostered by the government itself. Time after time the Treasury has gone to the relief of Wall Street. It has bought in millions of its own bonds at a premium, and it has transferred money from its vaults to the banks for the purpose of "easing" the market. If the bankers regard the Treasury as a reservoir of money for their benefit in time of need, it is because previous administrations have accepted the theory and acted on it until there is abundance of precedent for it.

It is announced that this administration intends to change all this, and to return to the old conception of the Treasury, which is the conception of the law under which the department is organized.

As a simple business proposition there is no soundness in the contention that the Secretary of the Treasury ought to go to the aid of the money market. The Secretary is not the head of a banking institution, and he has none of the varied resources that are possessed by bank presidents. He cannot prevent borrowing by raising his rate of discount, for he does not discount. He cannot lend money without security to crippled institutions. He cannot carry stocks for venturesome speculators who have got beyond their depth, but who may yet be saved by a little timely and immediate help. He is not the guardian of funds which are placed in his hands that he may make profit on them. He is simply the collector and disburser of the public revenues, and what he does is strictly defined by laws which he must obey, and which leave him no discretion.

Nothing can be done by the Treasury for the money market without expense, and the Secretary has no right to use the public moneys in aid of private citizens. When the Treasury bought in its bonds at a premium, the transaction was at the public expense. If bonds should be issued in order that the fears of the money market may be allayed, a debt would be imposed upon the country for the benefit of persons who are engaged in the business of buying securities and loaning money.

The practice of helping the money market has been in operation for so many years that it may be said to have become a Treasury habit. The relations between the Secretary and the bankers have become very intimate. The former has felt it to be his duty to prevent a stringency in the money market, while the latter have held it to be a duty they owe to the government to give to the Secretary whatever advice he requests, and to place at his service the results of their experience and training. The obligations have not been one-sided. The duties have been reciprocal. The evil, however, has been great, and the remedy should be applied as soon as it can be without immediate disastrous results to the business interests of the country.

The evil is the impulse and stimulus that are given by this participation of the Treasury in the business affairs of private citizens to the communistic demands that are constantly made upon the government by individuals and organizations. Like the protective tariff, the habit of easing the money market with the public funds is paternalism, and paternalism in a republic is liable to be communism. The Farmers' Alliance people, who urge that the government shall lend money on wheat and corn, and the silver miners, who say that their product shall be purchased with the public funds, argue that as the government has come to the aid of the manufacturers and the money market, it is only fair that it should help them out of their financial difficulties. There is no limit to the results of the lesson which is taught by the interference of the Treasury in private business, and when the divorce between the two can be safely decreed, the business of the country, including banking, will be on a sounder basis.

Mr. CARLISLE has recognized the existence of the partnership by appealing to the patriotism of the banks, asking them to come to the aid of the Treasury, as they did in the last weeks of Mr. FOLGER'S term, by lending him their gold. There is no doubt that the banks will do all in their power to avert a general panic, but in the mean time the heads of our moneyed institutions must be prepared to see Mr. CARLISLE undertake to carry out his desire that the Treasury shall eventually cease to be a factor in the private businesses of the country. It is wrong that such a partnership as has existed should continue after it can be safely terminated. Bankers have facilities to meet a coming storm and to protect themselves by various devices known to their trade, but the Treasury can be little in the partnership but an almoner, and it cannot be that without avoiding the law. The Treasury collects and disburses the public revenues. That is the sole purpose for which it was created. The exigencies of the war compelled a union with the banks, but that union, besides being one of debtor and creditor, devolves upon the government simply the duty to protect the holders of the currency based on its obligations from loss by the failure of the banks. These are not only the functions prescribed by law, but they are the only functions which can be safely performed by the political power in this country. It is inevitable that the time will come when the notion that the Treasury is an institution like the Bank of England will have to be abandoned.

AN APPEAL FOR THE ARMY.

WHERE does the army "come in"? We do not ask this somewhat abrupt question in a fault-finding spirit, but simply to call attention to the pathos of the present situation. We take it upon ourselves, in short, to speak for several thousand young and ardent army officers scattered about on the girlless plains and among the hopless and flirtless mountains. Is the navy going to continue to be coddled and given all the good things of life as it has been for the past month or so? Is the navy ever to be smothered in summer girls (happy death!), while the army is left practically without a girl to its name? We simply say again, where *does* the army come in?

For the past two or three years or more the navy has, of course, been getting more than its share—indeed, we presume the navy always has—but it is only since the Columbian exercises began that the partiality of fate has become absolutely shameless. Even the idea of having a few companies of the army at the fair has, we believe, been abandoned; but still the navy keeps on in its mad round of pleasure, constantly hugging the shore and the—that is to say, constantly hugging the shore. Of course fragments of the army occasionally get into what we may call the girl latitudes, as at Washington and at some of the few posts near the larger towns and cities, but for the most part the army is kept strictly in the young-womanless zones—in the arid regions so far as girls are concerned, country which needs to be irrigated with girls, where great ditches ought to be cut which would let in floods of girls. If any one thinks that the capacity of the army for the full enjoyment of girls is not every whit as great as that of the navy he simply shows his ignorance of the subject. Look at the army before it leaves West Point! Here it has some sort of chance, and to say that it does not embrace every opportunity and—that is, we mean, for any one to say that it does not show in every way that it is as worthy of girls as is the navy is to talk utter foolishness. In a few days another section of the army will graduate at West Point amid battalions—ay, regiments—of the best kind of girls; and then the poor fellows will be sent out to Fort Prairieblast, or some such place, five hundred girlless miles from nowhere, on a girl-famine-stricken plain where a naval officer would resign in a week.

There is a popular belief that the navy takes long cruises on the billowy deep, where, from the nature of things, girls must be as scarce or scarcer than on the most arid plain. This, we say, is the popular notion, but observing young army officers have noticed that with the improvements in naval architecture these voyages are made with constantly increasing quickness, and that the sly marine dogs always steer straight from one girl-crowded port to another. They may voyage entirely around the world, but this simply means rapid flitting from port to port, and a pleasing variety in girls. The idea that many of these foreign girls are not nearly or quite up to the standard of the home variety is a mistake. And when these crafty salt-water fellows sight a summer hotel anywhere in the four quarters of the globe, the observing army officers notice that they always steer up to it, drop all their anchors, and make long repairs on their engines. It is firmly believed in army circles that if our Indians had a good lively navy to keep our maritime forces busy, there would be fewer serious accidents to war-ship machinery in the neighborhood of summer-resort hotels. Or if our Indians could be done away with—abolished by act of Congress, perhaps, or declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, maybe, and the army quartered around in the vicinity of the summer resorts, life for it would be pleasanter. Or if summer-hotel people could be induced to build near the forts instead of in the neighborhood of navy-yards and coaling-stations and such places, as they always do, that would also make army life more worth the living.

We suspect that the government will not pay much attention to the suggestion, but we feel quite sure that there is a general willingness in the army, especially among the younger portions of it, in whom the mellow memories of West Point have not altogether died out, that some such arrangement as this be made: Let fifteen or twenty tons of colored picture-books be sent out and carefully distributed among the Indians. Then, while they amuse themselves with these, let the army be withdrawn for three months and stationed near Newport, let us say, or in the neighborhood of Saratoga, for instance; or perhaps it might be well to allow it to stay a few weeks around Old Point Comfort, and then gradually move it along up the coast as the season advances. This, it is believed by some, would no more than even up matters with those salt-water picnickers. Marry, come now; is not the uniform of the army as gorgeous as that of the navy? Doth not the army suffer as much danger? Hath it not as proud memories and as glorious associations? Is it not in all ways, then, as fitted to rend in twain the feminine heart? Ay, that it is. The navy is getting more than its share. Give the army a chance.

ROYALTY IN WASHINGTON.

SOCIETY at Washington has been suffering in strenuous circumstances. Too much royalty and imperialism have been precipitated upon it. It has been obliged to pull itself together and to think. It has been called upon to consider the deeper ethics of etiquette, and to arrange for itself and, unasked, for the President, the manners which plain republicans should observe toward royalty and its representatives. It was a hard struggle for Washington society, especially in view of the fact that it is much more accustomed to guess than to consult the authorities. Indeed, so far as the outside world is concerned, in all this stress and storm period no one consulted precedent except Mr. CLEVELAND, and he consulted and obeyed one that he had made himself.

The nation and its capital have been invaded by royalty. As a precursor, a herald, an envoy, what you will, came the Duke of Veragua. He is a respectable Spanish grandee, bearing a title won for him about four hundred years ago by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. He is an Admiral-General by grace of descent. He does not command ships, nor does the Spanish Kingdom expect him to defend her on the high seas. He raises bulls, and bulls of such excellent breed that the attractions of a bull-fight are greatly enhanced if the advertisements announce that the Duke of Veragua's bulls are to participate. Such is the difference between ancestor and descendant; such the distinction between title and actual occupation.

When the Duke of Veragua was received at the White House, Washington society was hurt in the innermost recesses of its sense of propriety. A woman of diligent mind watched the *cortège* of the Duke and Duchess, under leadership of Commander DICKINS, depart and return on its visit to the White House. According to her no doubt veracious account only twenty minutes elapsed from the time of leaving the Arlington Hotel until the return thereto. In the meantime the Duke and Duchess had visited the President and Mrs. CLEVELAND, and had had the pleasure of seeing them. It is stated on high authority that the Duke's mind had great difficulty in determining whether or not he would clothe himself in his uniform, and make a formal and formidable occasion of his visit. He finally went in his uniform, and Mr. CLEVELAND received him in his uniform—a business suit.

It is useless to disguise the truth. Washington did not like the lack of ceremony, and complained, with what justice we do not know, that the ducal party was not asked to sit down. It has discussed this momentous matter for several weeks without much knowledge and without much judgment. Indeed, Washington did not know the fundamental and essential fact that the Spanish government had particularly requested this government not to receive the Duke of Veragua with marked distinction, but to treat him as a private citizen, especially as the Queen Regent was sending over, as her personal representative, at the invitation of the nation, her sister-in-law, the Infanta EULALIA.

The next turn that the Washington mind received was from the visit of the Grand-Duke ALEXANDER of Russia. What should the leaders do with his Imperial High Mightiness? A Duke was bad enough, but here was a Grand-Duke. The President settled matters very easily for himself by not having anything to do with this visitor, who came unaccredited, and was evidently bent on having a good time. The task of entertaining him was turned over to private citizens, who gallantly came to the rescue of their country in the hour of its social emergency. But there was much suffering behind the arras, while the joy seemed unconfined out in the open. It is reported that for days the women of Washington tortured their minds with the question as to how his Imperial Highness should be greeted. Some were for the courtesy due to royalty in its own palaces. Some were for kissing his noble hand. Some were for a plain American hand-shake; and, to the credit of our American womanhood be it said, the last prevailed.

While the Imperial Highness incident was in progress there came the EULALIA cloud upon the horizon. Society leaders had nothing to do with this except as spectators and critics. This function of criticism is always dear to them, and they exercised it on this occasion long before there was anything to criticise. They assumed that the President intended to be a boor, and so infected the peculiarly Spanish mind of the Spanish Minister that he made the mistake of asking Secretary GRESHAM what the President was going to do, to which the Secretary, with the inborn dignity of an American gentleman, responded in substance that the Spanish government must assume that the President would not be rude to a lady and a guest of the nation. First, society insisted that the President should meet the Infanta in the harbor of New York, then, that he should meet her at the railroad station in Washington, and finally, that he should return her call in person. He did neither, and yet the Infanta seems to be pleased with her reception, notwithstanding society's prognostications of ill.

Some day society in Washington and elsewhere will wake up to the fact that rules of etiquette are the local or national means for expressing good manners, and that good manners are universal. All that the sticklers for etiquette understand are the rules. They who have the inward spirit of good manners may know the rules or they may not; but they who know the rules and also possess the spirit are satisfied with what is genuine, whether it is or is not expressed according to their particular code.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE latest number of the *National Review* of London contains an amusing collection of brief articles under the title of "The Tory Press and the Tory Party." It comprises "A Complaint" by Fitzroy Gardner, and "An Answer" by the editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, the *National Observer*, and the *St. James Gazette*. The complaint is, in brief, that the Tory papers are not sufficiently "up to date"; by which Mr. Gardner means that their style is dull, that their news is not amusingly presented, that they do not have cartoons of a taking order, and generally do not attract those readers who do not agree with their politics. The answer is, in substance, that if the Tory press cannot attract the attention of the readers of the other party except at this price, its managers are willing to go without it. It hardly seems necessary to get up a "symposium" to establish facts thoroughly known on both sides. There is no making a cast-iron rule for the conduct of newspapers, and especially of political newspapers. Each of these will correspond to the general tone of its party until the party changes tone. A Tory paper on the lines suggested by Mr. Gardner would simply be an illustrated daily edition of "Randy" Churchill. That may be the Toryism of the future. Lord Randolph clearly thinks that it is to be, though it smacks strongly of plagiarism on Disraeli. But it is not the Toryism of to-day. Mr. Gardner forgets that though evolution involves change, change away from the lines of evolution leads nowhere.

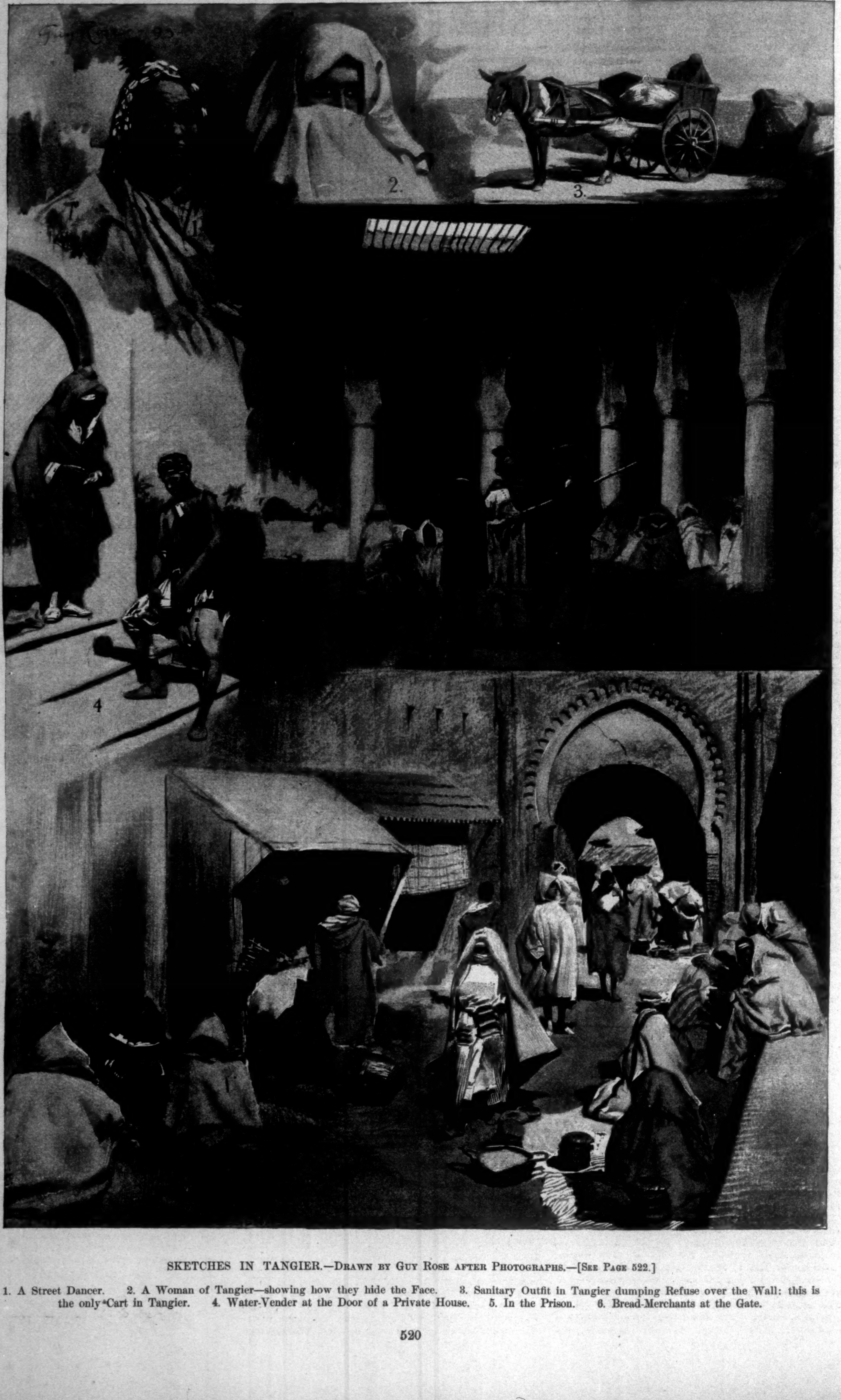
The old Yankee phrase has it that there are "deacons and deacons," so there are various types of the species ambassador. Mr. Richard Harding Davis holds a commission that is clearly honorable and honored. He has just completed his series of visits to the countries lying on the shores of the Mediterranean, having had audiences with the rulers thereof, and obtained numerous and valuable privileges in the prosecution of his mission. His journey was closed at Constantinople, where he was decorated by the Sultan with the Cross of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie, which, we venture modestly but firmly to suggest, was never more worthily bestowed. The first of the series of Mr. Davis's despatches was laid before the considerable body in whose behalf he holds his commission in the WEEKLY of May 20th, under the title of "The Rock of Gibraltar." The few who have not read it are the only ones of his highly respectable constituency who can be unaware of the admirable manner in which he has performed the task accepted by him.

There is a complicated suggestiveness in the story of an American consul in Edinburgh, bearing the historic name of Wallace Bruce, raising a subscription for a monument to the Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the war for liberty. Such a monument is to stand in Calton Hill Cemetery, on a lot set apart by the Town Council of Edinburgh. The design is by Mr. George E. Bissell, himself a veteran of the war, and is to consist of a life-size statue of Lincoln surmounting a base decorated with the flags of the two countries, with a freed slave raising his hand toward the great emancipator. The subject is well chosen. In August next Mr. Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the oration at the dedication of the monument, and, as all good Americans know, will do it worthily. The Scottish-American soldiers were among the bravest and best, and deserved the quaint and earnest tribute paid to them by General Grant when presented with the freedom of the city where this monument is to stand. It is these memories common to the two peoples that knit the closest and most lasting ties.

Justice Cullen, of Brooklyn, has added another to his many claims on the respect and gratitude of the people, not only of that city, but of the State. In granting a permanent injunction against the construction of a street railway, he took the ground that the aldermen, in giving the franchise for nothing when a considerable sum had been offered by another company, were guilty of wasting the property of the city. It happens—though of this the court could not take cognizance—that the company thus favored was made up of politicians of the dominant party, and was to all intents a ring concern. The judge's decision is therefore directly in restraint of the system of public plunder from which Brooklyn has suffered, and by which it has literally been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Judge Cullen will be remembered as having given the most searching and courageous decision in the famous—and infamous—Maynard case. It is the crying shame of Governor Flower's administration that with such judges on the Supreme Court bench, he degraded the Court of Appeals by the appointment of Maynard.

Some of our foreign friends are inclined to make light of the women's share in the great Chicago enterprise. They say that much of the "work"—literary, oratorical, artistic, what not—has been, not to put too fine a point upon it, and to use a phrase that the women ought to understand, taken from the oven a little too soon, and that the participants would have done better to wait until they had something more worth showing. Doubtless there is ground for this kind of criticism, but the pebbles seem to us to be thrown from glass houses. The exhibits, personal and other, made by the stronger sex can hardly be said to be monotonously perfect after their kind. We have a painful consciousness that a large, a very large, proportion of the speech and writing of males on the subject of the World's Fair might have been better baked. Some of it might have been reduced to ashes with advantage. And there is another side to the question. It is not to be denied that there is excellent work by women at Chicago—artists, decorators, architects, writers, to say nothing of less pretentious exhibitors. It is our judgment that competition among the women, were a high level is attained by some, will tend strongly, directly, and permanently to raise the level of the others. Not of all, of course. There are women of impregnable vanity and hopeless stupidity, as there are men similarly afflicted. But wherever a woman of sincere purpose, wishing to do the best, and ready to work for it, sees other women's achievements of a worthy sort, she receives a definite impulse, an inspiration, and with these guidance and help. The result, despite any failures or errors, is good, and sensible men as well as sensible women will rejoice in it.

The gentlemen seeking to extend the organization of Good Government Clubs in the city of New York have issued a plain and succinct statement of their principles and purposes. The general aim is a series of social clubs, each at a convenient point of the territory it is intended to cover, within which it is meant to gather as many as possible of those who desire good city government, and are ready to work for it if some practicable methods are open to them. The clubs will first direct their energies to four cardinal objects: 1, Honest and unbiassed primaries; 2, Ballot reform; 3, Separate municipal elections; 4, Home-rule. It is hardly necessary to point out the advantages of any of these things. Any one who has given attention to the work that is to be done will understand that while they will not in themselves accomplish all that work, they are indispensable to its accomplishment. The last two are the most important and the most urgent, because they must be secured through the Constitutional Convention which will be chosen in November. There will not be another opportunity in twenty years, and the Good Government Clubs will aim directly to secure delegates in this convention. The City Club and Good Government Club Association, with a club-house at Lexington Avenue and 58th Street, are already organized. Others are in process of organization in the 23d, 11th, 12th, 10th, and 14th Assembly districts. Persons wishing to associate themselves with organizations of this sort may send their names with address to any one of the following secretaries: Edmond Kelly, 120 Broadway, Secretary Club A, Territory N.E. of 7th Avenue and 40th Street; Henry R. Kunhardt, Jun., 32 Beaver Street, Secretary Club B, Territory N.W. of 7th Avenue and 40th Street; Charles Taber, 26 Exchange Place, Secretary Club D, Territory S.W. of 4th Avenue and 40th Street; C. M. Perry, 111 East 18th Street, Secretary Club E, Territory S.E. of 4th Avenue and 40th Street.



SKETCHES IN TANGIER.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

1. A Street Dancer. 2. A Woman of Tangier—showing how they hide the Face. 3. Sanitary Outfit in Tangier dumping Refuse over the Wall: this is the only Cart in Tangier. 4. Water-Vender at the Door of a Private House. 5. In the Prison. 6. Bread-Merchants at the Gate.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY THE HON. JOHN DE WITT WARNER, OF NEW YORK.

SUCH is the term by which is commonly designated a congeries of embarrassments now arriving at an acute stage.

Our Constitution gives Congress the prerogative "to coin money," regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix "the standard of weights and measures."

It is plain that this provides for administrative, as distinguished from general economic or political, functions, and that the intent was to facilitate, not to interfere with, financial transactions. One who claims otherwise is driven to assert that our forefathers contemplated that the Federal government, at the expense of its own citizens or to their damage, to spite some particular foreign nation, might legitimately invite or repel foreign coins by over or under valuation, or that it should not only fix and preserve correct standards of weights and measures, but, in the attempt to encourage wholesale or retail trade, as the case might be, might arbitrarily fix false proportions between the several measures of quantity or weight. It is clear, not merely from what our Constitution omits—which, unfortunately, our Supreme Court might feel at liberty to supply—but from what it says, which no tribunal has yet ventured to contradict, that no such powers were contemplated. That the power given is one which with its exercise carries its sanction, may—as we have seen to our sorrow—render it uncontrollable by our courts. But this very fact should make a scrupulous conservatism in using it as delicate a point of Republican honor as it is of Democratic faith.

The first Secretary of the Treasury recommended, and Congress authorized, coinage of gold and silver at their then commercial relation to each other. The standard adopted had scarcely gone into use when, by change in the relative commercial value of these metals, it involved an overvaluation of silver as compared with gold. The prompt result was to reduce our currency to a silver basis. During the administration of Jackson, in order to remedy this, and also to favor gold production, just developing in the South, our currency was debased by reducing the amount of gold in a gold dollar; so that in our currency gold was overvalued as compared with silver. The result was to drive silver from circulation (except in purposely underweighted subsidiary coin). During the war Congress passed the legal-tender act, by which was arbitrarily confiscated, in attempted aid of government, a varying proportion of the property of the more prudent and trustful of our citizens. In 1873, not as a political or financial but as a purely administrative measure, and in recognition of the status which had then continued for over forty years, our coinage laws were so amended as to omit provision for free coinage of silver. Shortly afterward the market value of gold and silver became so changed that silver became comparatively cheap. Then promptly commenced an effort, engineered by mine-owners, intelligently co-operated in by many who sought a new way to pay old debts, and assisted by others with varying motives or notions, again to debase our currency.

By a series of compromises, each on the constant assumption that it was the business of our government to attend to the business of its citizens instead of leaving them free to manage their own affairs, we have catered to those who thought we wanted more currency and that the government should furnish it, and have compromised with the mining States, which used their inordinate representation in Congress to buy a market for their wares by authorizing ever larger purchases of silver for government account, until now, without even pretended regard to our varying needs, we purchase more than six tons a day. The credit of our government has been good. By the retirement of small bills or other currency our people have been forced to use silver or silver certificates for financial small change, and a forced market has been found for a part of our purchase. But the inevitable is coming. For months our Treasury has been on the brink of a dilemma. It must choose between promptly discrediting the greater part of the money actually in circulation (outside of the Treasury and bank vaults) and temporarily postponing this disgrace by throwing into the breach the funds which we have heretofore held in avowed and honorable trust for the redemption of our greenback currency, which has long since become current throughout the world on mere confidence in our scrupulous good faith.

We have come to the edge of the abyss. We cannot long remain there. Exceptional financial conditions may retard the crisis for a season; others equally probable may accelerate it. We must promptly retrace our steps or take the plunge. Which shall we do? There can be but little doubt. We will renounce the undemocratic principles we have too long followed; we will repudiate the suggestion that government should interfere to debase our currency; and sooner or later we will renounce all duty in the matter beyond certifying to the weight and fineness of such pieces as our people shall find most conveniently shaped and sized, of such metals as they shall generally prefer to use in business transactions. There was once prevalent in our public affairs a theory in accord with which the representative from a mining State was justified in asserting that in return for the subsidies secured by law to manufacturing enterprises in the East, silver-mining should be assisted in finding a market for its product. But that theory has been discarded; and henceforth, though it is probable that silver-mining will always attract fully as many investors as it is to the country's interests that it should do, it will not be favored at the expense of either agriculture, manufactures, or commerce.

The Sherman act must go—not because one section or class demands this, not even because its father has repudiated it, but because it is the pending form of the political heresy of which we are repenting. There will be nothing "done for silver"—except, by coinage or otherwise, to dispose in some way of the government stock—unless in the line of temporary makeshifts that may pacify the less clear-sighted of the silver advocates, but will soon be repudiated even by them.

To this policy, however, there are made objections so strenuous as to attract, if not to deserve, notice.

We are told, for example, that this will discredit silver, and establish us on a gold basis. If any considerable proportion of our citizens are found to believe that the price of gold is increased (or the gold price of commodities decreased) by our legislation, then, in deference to their convictions, and to avoid the possibility of unfairness, the law should be so amended as to leave each plainly free to contract for silver or gold, as he pleases, and to refuse either if he shall have stipulated for the other. Our government has no business to favor gold. Its duty is not to encourage especially any business, but to facilitate such business as of their own accord its citizens prefer to do. But the real trouble is that our law of 1873 simply recognized the status which the business world had agreed upon. We were on a gold basis before that law; and we are so yet—not because of the law, but because those who do business prefer gold. That is their privilege. It is their business they are doing, and not that of the government. Our silver friends can do business on a silver basis if they choose. The government has no right to try to make others do business with them or in their fashion.

Again, it is argued that we can maintain the parity of the two metals at the present forced ratio, and therefore that we can safely concede that much to those who plead for silver. Our experience has proved the opposite. For the last forty years that we had free coinage of both gold and silver it failed to raise gold the two or three per cent. which would have made it commercially equal with silver. In the light of this, how can we expect that our fiat will raise silver the fifty per cent. of its own value that now intervenes between it and gold?

It is argued that the law of 1873 deprived "the great debtor class" of the right to pay in what is now a cheap medium, and that this alleged wrong should be righted. But, before 1873, silver had for forty years been worth so much more than gold that it is inconceivable that the debtor did not intend to pay in gold; while, as to every contract made since 1873, every debtor knew when he made it that the word "dollar" meant a gold dollar. Even if the idea were to confiscate the property of creditors in order to relieve debtors whose existing debts were contracted before silver first went below one dollar an ounce (as if that had anything to do with them), is it fair, in order thus to dole out illegitimate charity, to scale down the far greater amount due on contracts made within a year, and since silver has been about where it is now?

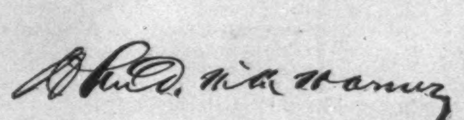
Again, who are the debtor class? Wage-earners are just those who most generally pay cash for what they get, and give their employers from a week to a month's credit for wages. And it is so hard to turn farming property into good security that, though the farmers worry about their debts, they are really less in debt than is any other property-owning class, and the one who has been able to borrow half as much as he owns is an unfortunate exception. But the capitalist and the railroad or financial corporation are generally in debt to the extent of seventy-five or ninety per cent. of all they hold—indebted to trust companies, insurance companies, savings-banks, and other institutions, whose capital is held for the benefit of wage-earners and people in moderate circumstances. These would lose, and wealth—individual and corporate—would gain, by depreciation of our debt-paying currency.

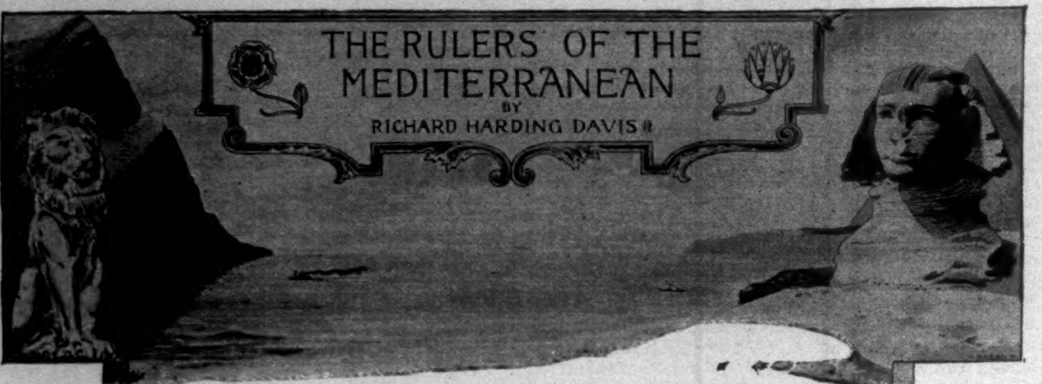
It is said that the stock of gold in the world is too small for the multiplying uses of currency. This is unquestionably true; and it is also true that all the gold and all the silver, coined and bullion, are but an insignificant figure in the world's currency. But how will the abstention of our government from forced currency of silver remove from circulation a single dollar's worth of real currency? There never was a legitimate metal circulation that was not current before law had recognized it, and the most characteristic development of modern finance is the multiplication of devices by which, the amount and quality of the product being guaranteed, one article after another is made a part of the current funds of Christendom. Destroy a hundred bales of cotton, a thousand bushels of wheat, a ton of silver, a hundred-weight of gold, the repute of a business man, or the confidence of a community—the last item being by far the most important—and you have contracted the currency. Make any law you please, and you will not have increased it an iota. Shake public confidence by arbitrarily meddling with any important factor, and you increase, beyond the resources of the earth to meet it, the demand for gold that is everywhere and always current.

It is said that we need more currency *per capita*. No one has ever pointed out even how to guess at how much we should have *per capita*; but business men are agreed that the greater the facility with which property can be so handled as to enable it to be used without sacrifice, or pledged without delay and risk, the better it is for every one. Our uniform experience, verified during the last few weeks, has been that as we approach a silver basis, gold will be hoarded, and pass out of circulation. It is a much smaller proportion of our effective currency than is actually supposed; yet, if we consider this point alone, it would be many years before silver could be coined to take its place.

But there is a more conclusive answer. If we need more currency why do we not let the country have it in the natural way? The principle at stake involves more than the repeal of the Sherman act. "Money" and "legal-tender" questions are but parts of a larger one—that of currency; and not merely in principle, but in practice and legislation alike, the question of our paper-note circulation is so intertwined with that of coinage that treatment of the one forces consideration of the other. The principle on which the Sherman law will be repealed is not that it is not politic to have so much silver in circulation, but that it is not the government's business to force anything into circulation. The broad ground on which it rests is that the government should go out of business other than its own. It cannot consistently take its hands off the coin currency and still assert its duty arbitrarily to limit the paper currency. Freely coining the gold of its citizens (and their silver as well, if they wish it coined), it may and should take reasonable precautions to prevent counterfeit, and insure in each piece the required weight and fineness of metal. Freely permitting such expansion or contraction of paper currency as the business of the country may from time to time bring about, it may similarly insist upon such administrative functions—such custody of any special security, such control of the printing of the notes, such assays of the soundness and resources of the issuing banks, as shall reasonably guarantee their paper currency to continue instantly redeemable whenever desired. This done, there can rise no legitimate demand that the government supply currency. It will have facilitated the supply of all that the increasing ingenuity of our business men can safely base on the property of our citizens. The *per capita* conundrum will be answered, not merely by the facility thus given toward making effective as current capital gold and silver, bank-notes and commercial paper, wheat in the elevator and cotton in the press, but, through commercial expedients yet undreamed of, by making commercially current more and more of the several classes of property in which men make investments. Progress will thus be made toward the goal, ever more nearly to be approached, but never to be reached, when the *per capita* circulation shall be the average total wealth of the American citizen. But this is the business of commerce, not of legislation.

Will Congress act in the direction indicated? I believe, yes. Those who doubt it have less faith than have I in the fidelity of the Fifty-third Congress to the pledges of the National Convention that framed the commission held by the majority of its members, in the integrity and firmness of him whom we have placed in the Presidential chair, in the already overwhelming conviction of our people that commerce should be freed from government interference, and in their growing appreciation that to interfere with the money end of a transaction—especially after it has been carried out on one side—is tyranny as much more intolerable than to fine its citizens for choosing their markets, as it is more insinuating in its method, and more demoralizing in its effect.





II.—TANGIER.

A GREAT many thousand years ago Hercules built the mountain of Abyla and its twin mountain which we call Gibraltar. It was supposed to mark the limits of the unknown world, and it would seem from casual inspection, as I suggested in an article on Gibraltar, that it serves the same purpose to this day. Men have crept into Africa and crept out again, like flies over a ceiling, and they have gained much renown for having done so at Africa's expense. They have built little towns along its coasts, and run little rocking, bumping railroads into its forests, and dragged launches over its cataracts, and partitioned it off among emperors and powers and trading companies, without having ventured into the countries they pretend to have subdued. But from Paul du Chaillu to "Willie" Chanler, "the Last Explorer," as he has been called, just how much more do we know of Africa than did the Romans whose bridges still stand in Tangier?

The "Last Explorer" sounds well, and is distinctly a *mot*, but there will be other explorers to go, and perhaps to return. There are still a few things for us to learn. The Spaniards and the Pilgrim fathers touched the unknown world of America only four hundred years ago, and to-day any commercial traveller can tell you, with the aid of an A B C railroad guide, the name of every town in any part of it. But Turks and Romans and Spaniards, and, of late, English and Germans and French, have been pecking and nibbling at Africa like little mice around a cheese, and they are still nibbling at the rind, and know as little of the people they "protect," and of the countries they have annexed and colonized, as did Hannibal or Scipio. The American forests have been turned into railroad ties and telegraph poles, and the American Indian has been "exterminated" or taught to plough and to wear a high hat. The cowboy rides freely over the prairies; the Indian agent cheats the Indian—the Indian does not cheat him; the Germans own Milwaukee and Cincinnati; the Irish rule everywhere; even the much-abused Chinaman hangs out his red sign in every corner of the country. There is not a nation of the globe that has not its hold upon and does not make fortunes out of the continent of America; but the continent of Africa remains just as it was, holding back its secret, and still content to be the unknown world.

You need not travel far into Africa to learn this; you can find out how little we know of it at its very shore. This city of Tangier, lying but three hours off from Gibraltar's civilization, on the nearest coast of Africa, can teach you how little we or our civilized contemporaries understand of these barbarians and of their barbarous ways.

A few months since England sent her ambassador to treat with the Sultan of Morocco; it was an untaught blackamoor opposed to a diplomat and a gentleman, and a representative of the most civilized and powerful of empires; and we have Stephen Bonsal's picture of this ambassador and his suite riding back along the hot sandy trail from Fez, baffled and ridiculed and beaten. So that when I was in Tangier, half-naked Moors, taking every white stranger for an Englishman, would point a finger at me and cry, "Your Sultana a fool; the Sultan only wise." Which shows what a superior people we are when we get away from home, and how well the English understand the people they like to protect.

Tangier lies like a mass of drifted snow on the green hills below, and over the point of rock on which stands its fortress, and from which waves the square red flag of Morocco. It is a fine place spoiled by civilization. And not a nice quality of civilization either. Back of it, in Tetuan or Fez, you can understand what Tangier once was and see the Moor at his best. There he lives in the exclusiveness which his religion teaches him is right—an exclusiveness to which the hauteur of an Englishman, and his fear that some one is going to speak to him on purpose, become a gracious manner and suggest undue familiarity. You see the Moor at his best in Tangier too, but he is never in his complete setting as he is in the inland cities, for when you walk abroad in Tangier you are constantly brought back to the new world by the presence and abodes of the foreign element; a French shop window touches a bazar, and a Moor in his finest robes is followed by a Spaniard in his black cape or an Englishman in a tweed suit. The Englishman learns nothing and forgets nothing. He may live in Tangier for years, but he never learns to wear a burnoose, or forgets to put on the coat his tailor has sent him from home as the latest in fashion. The first thing which meets your eye on entering the harbor at Tangier is an immense blue and white enamel sign asking you to patronize the English store for groceries and provisions. It strikes you as much more barbarous than the Moors who come scrambling over the vessel's side.

They come with a rush and with wild yells before the little steamer has stopped moving, and remind you of their piratical ancestors. They look quite as fierce, and as they throw their brown bare legs over the bulwarks and leap and scramble, pushing and shouting in apparently the keenest stage of excitement and rage, they only need long knives between their teeth and a cutlass to convince you that you are at the mercy of the Barbary pirates, and not merely of hotel porters and guides.

My guide was a Moor named Mahamed. I had him about a week, or rather, to speak quite correctly, he had me. I do not know how he effected my capture, but he went with me, I think, because no one else would have him, and he accordingly imposed on my good-nature. As we say a man is "good-natured" when there is absolutely nothing else to be said for him, I hope when I say this that I shall not be accused of trying to pay myself a compliment. Mahamed was a tall Moor, with a fine array of different-colored robes and coats and undercoats, and a large white turban around his fez, which marked the fact that he was either married or that he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He followed me from morning until night with the fidelity of a lamb, and with its sheeplike stupidity. No amount of argument or money or abuse could make him leave my side. Mahamed was not even picturesque, for he wore a large pair of blue spectacles and Congress gaiters. This hurt my sense of the fitness of things very much. His idea of serving me was to rush on ahead and shove all the little donkeys and blind beggars and children out of my way, at which the latter would weep, and I would have to go back and bribe them into cheerfulness again. In this way he made me most unpopular with the masses, and cost me a great deal in trying to buy their favor. I was never so completely at the mercy of any one before, and I hope he found me "intelligent, courteous, and a good linguist," as the guide's recommendations always read.

As a matter of fact, there is very little need of a guide in Tangier. It has but few show places, for the place itself is the show. You can find your best entertainment in picking your way through its winding narrow streets and in wandering about the open market-places. The highways of Tangier are all very crooked and very steep. They are also very uneven and dirty, and one walks sometimes for hundreds of yards in a maze of dark alleys and little passage-ways walled in by whitewashed walls, and sheltered from the sun by archways and living-rooms hanging from one side of the street to the other. Green and blue doorways, through which one must stoop to enter, open in from the street, and you are constantly hearing them shut as you pass, as some of the women of the household recognize the presence of a foreigner. You are never quite sure as to what you will meet in the streets or what may be displayed at your elbow before the doors of the bazars. The odors of frying meat and of fresh fruit and of herbs, and of soap in great baskets, and of black coffee and hasheesh, come to you from cafés and tiny shops hardly as big as a packing-box. These are shut up at night by two half-doors, of which the upper one serves as a shield from the sun by day and the lower as a pair of steps. In the wider streets are the bazars, magnificent with color and with the glitter of gold lace and of brass plaques and silver daggers; handsome, comfortable-looking Moors sit crossed-legged in the middle of their small extent like soldiers in a sentry-box, and speak leisurely with their next-door neighbor without gesture, unless they grow excited over a bargain, and with a haughty contempt for the passing Christian. There is always something beneficial in feeling that you are thoroughly despised; and when a whole community combines to despise you, and looks over your head gravely as you pass, you begin to feel that those Moors who do not apparently hold you in contempt are a very poor and middle-class sort of people, and you would much prefer to be overlooked by a proud Moor than shaken hands with by a perverted one. But the pride of the rich Moorish gentlemen is nothing to the fanatic intolerance of the poor farmers from the country of the tribes, who come in on market-day, and who hate the Christian properly as the Koran tells them they should. They stalk through the narrow street with both eyes fixed on a point far ahead of them, with head and shoulders erect and arms swinging. They brush against you as though you were a camel or a horse, and had four legs on which to stand instead of two. Sometimes a foreigner forgets that these men from the country, where the foreign element has not come, are following out the religious training of a lifetime, and strikes at one of them with his riding-whip, and then takes refuge in a consulate and leaves on the next boat.

I find it very hard not to sympathize with the Moors. The Englishman is always preaching that an Englishman's house is his castle, and yet he invades this country, he and his French and Spanish and American cousins, and demands that not only he shall be treated well, but that any native of the country, any subject of the Sultan, who chooses to call himself an American or an Englishman shall be protected too. Of course he knows that he is not wanted there; he knows he is forcing himself on the barbarian, and that all the barbarian has ever asked of him is to be let alone. But he comes, and he rides around in his baggy breeches and varnished boots, and he gets up polo games and cricket matches, and gallops about in a pink coat after foxes, and asks for roast beef, and complains because he cannot get his bath, and all the rest of it, quite as if he had been begged to come and to stop as long as he liked. Sometimes you find a foreigner who tries to learn something of these people, a man like the late Mr. Leared or "Bébé" Carleton, who can speak all their dialects, and who has more power with the Sultan than has any foreign minister, and who if the Sultan will not pay you for the last shipment of guns you sent him, or for the grand-piano for the harem, is the man to get you your money. But the average foreign resident, as far as I can see, neither adopts the best that the Moor has found good, nor introduces what the Moor most needs, and what he does not know or care enough about to introduce for himself. Tangier, for instance, is excellently adapted by nature for the purposes of good sanitation, but the arrangements are as bad and primitive as they were before a foreigner came into the place. They consist in dumping the refuse of the streets, into which everything is thrown, over the sea-wall out on the rocks below, where the pigs gather up what they want, and the waves wash the remainder back on the coast.

If some of the foreign ministers would use their undoubted influence with the Bashaw to amend this, instead of introducing point-to-point pony-races, they might in time show some reason for their invasion of Morocco other than the curious and obvious one that they all grow rich there while doing nothing. The foreign resident has a very great contempt for the Moor. He says the Moor is a great liar and a rogue. When people used to ask Walter Scott if it was he who wrote the Waverley Novels he used to tell them it was not, and he excused this afterward by saying that if you are asked an impertinent or impossible question you have the right not to answer it or to tell an untruth. The very presence of the foreigner is an impertinence in the eyes of the Moor, and so he naturally does not feel severe remorse when he baffles the foreign invader, and does it whenever he can.

As a matter of fact, the foreign invader at Tangier is not, in a number of cases, in a position in which he can gracefully throw down gauntlets. There is something about these hot raw countries, hidden out of the way of public opinion and police courts and the respectability which drives a gig, that makes people forget the rules and axioms laid down in the temperate zone for the guidance of tax-payers and all reputable citizens. As the sailors say, "There is no Sunday south of the equator." It is hard to tell just what it is, but the sun, or the example of the barbarians, or the fact that the world is so far away, breeds queer ideas, and one hears stories one would not care to print as long as the law of libel obtains in the land. You have often read in novels, especially French novels, or have heard men on the stage say: "Come, let us leave this place, with its unjust laws and cruel bigotry. We will go to some unknown corner of the earth, where we will make a new home. And there, under a new flag and a new name, we will forget the sad past, and enter into a new world of happiness and content."

When you hear a man on the stage say that, you can make up your mind that he is going to Tangier. It may be that he goes there with somebody else's money, or somebody else's wife, or that he has had trouble with a check; or, as in the case of one young man who was fêted and dined there, had robbed a diamond store in Brooklyn, and is now in Sing Sing; or, as in the case of a recent American consul, had sold his protection for $200 to anyone who wanted it, and was recalled under several clouds. And you hear stories of ministers who retire after receiving an income of a few hundred pounds a year with $200,000 they have saved out of it, and of cruelty and bursts of sudden passion that would undoubtedly cause a lynching in the chivalric and civilized State of Alabama or Tennessee. And so when I heard why several of the people of Tangier had come there, and why they did not go away again, I began to feel that the barbarian whose forefathers swept Spain and terrorized the whole of Catholic Europe had more reason than he knew for despising the Christian who is waiting to give his country the benefits of civilization.

Tangier's beauty lies in so many different things—in the monklike garb of the men and in the white muffled figures of the women; in the brilliancy of its sky, and of the sea dashing upon the rocks and tossing the feluccas with their three-cornered sails from side to side; and in the green towers of the mosques, and the listless leaves of the royal palms rising from the centre of a mass of white roofs; and, above all, in the color and movement of the bazars and streets. The streets represent absolute equality. They are at the widest but three yards across, and every one pushes, and apparently every one has something to sell, or at least something to say, for they all talk and shout at once and cry at their donkeys or abuse whoever touches them. A water-carrier, with his goat-skin bag on his back and his finger on the tube through which the water comes, jostles you on one side, and a slave as black and shiny as a patent-leather boot shoves you on the other as he makes way for his master on a fine white Arabian horse with brilliant trappings and a huge contempt for the donkeys in his way. It is worth going to Tangier if for no other reason than to see a slave, and to grasp the fact that he costs anywhere from a hundred to five hundred dollars. To the older generation this may not seem worth while, but to the present generation—those of it who were born after Richmond was taken—it is a new and momentous sensation to look at a man as fine and stalwart and human as one of your own people, and feel that he cannot strike for higher wages, or even serve as a parlor-car porter or own a barber-shop, but must work out for life the $200 his owner paid for him at Fez.

There is more movement in Tangier than I have ever noticed in a place of its size. Every one is either looking on cross-legged from the bazars and coffee-shops, or rushing, pushing, and screaming in the street. It is most bewildering, and if you turn to look after a particularly magnificent Moor, or a half-naked holy man from the desert with wild eyes and hair as long as a horse's mane, you are trodden upon by a string of donkeys carrying kegs of water, or pushed to one side by a soldier with a gun eight feet long.

There is something continually interesting in the muffled figures of the women. They make you almost ashamed of the uncovered faces of the American women in the town; and, in the lack of any evidence to the contrary, you begin to believe every Moorish woman or girl you meet is as beautiful as her eyes would make it appear that she is. Those of the Moorish girls whose faces I saw were distinctly handsome; they were the women Benjamin Constant paints in his pictures of Algiers, and about whom Pierre Loti goes into ecstasies in his book on Tangier. Their robe or cloak, or whatever the thing is that they affect, covers the head like a hood, and with one hand they hold one of its folds in front of the face as high as their eyes. The only times that I ever saw the face of any of them was when I occasionally eluded Mahamed and ran off with a little guide called Isaac, the especial protector of two American women, who farmed him out to me when they preferred to remain in the hotel. He is a particularly beautiful youth, and I noticed that whenever he was with me the cloaks of the women had a fashion of coming undone, and they would lower them for an instant and look at Isaac, and then replace them severely upon the bridge of the nose. Then Isaac would turn towards me with a shy conscious smile and blush violently. Isaac says that the young men of Tangier can tell whether or not a girl is pretty by looking at her feet. It is true that their feet are bare, but it struck me as being a somewhat reckless test for selecting a bride. I will recommend Isaac to whoever thinks of going to Tangier. He speaks eight languages, is eighteen years old, wears beautiful and barbarous garments, and is always happy. He is especially good at making bargains, and he entertained me for many half-hours while I sat and watched him fighting over two dollars more or less with the proprietors of the bazars. He was an antagonist worthy of the oldest and proudest Moor in Tangier. He had no respect for their rage or their contempt or their proffered bribes or their long white beards. Sometimes he would laugh them to scorn, them and their prices, and again he would talk to them

sadly and plaintively; and again he would stamp and rage and slap his hands at them and rush off with a great show of disgust, until they called him back again, when he and they would go over the performance once more with unabated interest. Mahamed always paid them what they asked, and got his commission from them later, as a guide should; but Isaac would storm and finally beat them down one-half. Isaac can be found at the Calpe Hotel, and is welcome to whatever this notice may be worth to him.

I had read in books on Morocco and had been given to understand that when you were told that the price of anything in a bazar was worth three dollars you should offer one, and that then the Moor would cry aloud to Allah to take note of the insult, and would ask you to sit down and have a cup of coffee, and that he would then beat you up and you would beat him down, and that at the end of two or three hours you would get what you wanted for two dollars. It struck me that this, if one had several months to spare and wanted anything badly enough, might be rather amusing. The first thing I saw that I wanted badly was a long gun, for which the Moor asked me twelve dollars. I offered him eight. I then waited to see him tear his beard and unwrap his turban and cry aloud to Allah; but he did none of these things. He merely put the gun back in its place and continued the conversation, which I had so flippantly interrupted, with a long-bearded friend. And no further remarks on my part affected him in the least, and I was forced to go away feeling very much ashamed and very mean. The next day a man at the hotel brought in the gun, having paid fourteen dollars for it, and said he would not sell it for fifty. We would pay more than that for it at home, which shows that you cannot always follow guide-books.

There are only five things the guides take you to see in Tangier—the café chantant, the governor's palace, the prisons, and the harem, to which men are not admitted. They also take you to see the markets, but you can see them for yourself. They are bare open places covered with stones and lined with bazars, and on market-days peopled with thousands of muffled figures selling or trying to sell herbs and eggs and everything else that is eatable, from dates to haunches of mutton. It is a wonderfully picturesque sight, with the sun trickling through the palm-leaf mats overhead on the piles of yellow melons at your feet, and with strings of camels dislocating their countenances over their grain, and dancing-men and snake-charmers and story-tellers as eloquent as actors clamoring on every side.

The café chantant is a long room lined with mats, and with rugs scattered over the floor, on which sit musicians and the regular customers of the place, who play cards and smoke long pipes, with which they rap continually on the tin ash-holders. The music is very strange, to say the least, and the singing very startling, full of sudden pauses, and beginning again after one of these when you think the song is over. It is not a particularly exciting place to visit, but there is no choice between that and the hotel smoking-room. Tangier is not a town where one can move about much at night. There is also a place where the guests tell you that you can see Moorish women dance the dance which so startled Paris in the Algerian exhibit at the exposition. As I had no desire to be startled in that way again, I did not go to see them, and so cannot say what they are like. But it is quite safe to say that any visitor to Tangier who thinks he is seeing anything that is real and native to the home life of the people, and that is not a show gotten up by the guides, is going to be greatly taken in. The harem to which they lead women is not a harem at all, but the home of the widow of an ex-governor, who sits with her daughters for stranger women to look at. It is a most undignified proceeding on the part of the widow of a dead Bashaw, and no one but the guides know what she is doing. I came to find out about it through some American women who went there with Isaac in the morning, and were taken to call at the same place by an English lady resident in the afternoon. The English woman laughed at them for thinking they had seen the interior of a harem, and they did not tell her that they had already visited her friends and paid their franc for admittance to their society.

The other show places are the governor's palace and the prisons. The palace is a very handsome Moorish building, and the prisons are very dirty. All that the tourist can see of them is the little he can discern through a hole cut in the stout wooden door of each, which is the only exit and entrance. You cannot see much even then, for the prisoners, as soon as they note a face at the opening, stick it full of the palm-leaf baskets that they make and sell in order to buy food. The government gives them neither water, which is expensive in Tangier, nor bread, unless they are dying for want of it, but expects the family or friends of each criminal to see that he is kept alive until he has served out his term of imprisonment.

A great deal has been written about these prisons of the Sultan, and of the cruelty shown to the inmates, notably of late by a Mr. Mackenzie in the London *Times*. You are told that in Tangier, within the four square walls of the prison, there are madmen and half-starved murderers and rebels, loaded with chains, dying of disease and want, who are tortured and starved until they die. For this reason no one in Morocco is sentenced for more than ten or twelve years, so you are told, because he is sure to die before that time has expired. It seemed to me that if this were true it would be worth while to visit the prison and to tell what one saw there. When I was informed that, with the exception of two residents of Tangier, no one has been allowed to enter the Sultan's prison for the last *ten years*, I suspected that there must be something there which the Sultan did not want seen: it was not a difficult deduction to make. So I set about getting into the prison. It is not at all necessary to go into the details of my endeavors, or to tell what proposals I made; it is quite sufficient to say that in every way I was eminently unsuccessful. It was interesting, however, to find a people to whom the arguments and inducements which had proved effective with one's own countrymen were foolish and incomprehensible. For two days I haunted the outer walls of the prison, and was smiled upon contemptuously by the Bashaw's counsellors, who sat calmly in the cool hallway of the palace, and watched me kicking impatiently at the stones in the court-yard and broiling in the sun, while the governor or Bashaw returned me polite expressions of his regret. I finally dragged the Consul-General into it, and brought things to such a pass that I could see no way out of it but my admittance to the prison or a declaration of war from the United States.

Either event seemed to promise exciting and sensational developments. Colonel Mathews, the Consul-General, did not, however, share my views, but arranged that I should have an audience with the Bashaw, during the course of which he promised he would bring up the question of my admittance to the prison.

On board the *Fulda* I had had the pleasure of sitting at table next to the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, the editor of the *Evangelist*, and a distinguished traveller in many lands. While on the steamer I had twitted the doctor with not having seen certain phases of life with which, it seemed to me, he should be more familiar, and I offered, on finding we were making the same tour for the same purpose, to introduce him to bull-fights and pig-sticking and cafés chantants, and other incidents of foreign travel, of which he seemed to be ignorant. He refused my offer with dignity, and I think with some regret. I was, nevertheless, glad to find that he was in Tangier, and that he was to be one of the party to call at the governor's palace. On learning of my desire to visit the prison Dr. Field added his petition to mine, and I am quite sure that Colonel Mathews wished we were both in the United States.

We first called upon the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who received us in a little room leading from a pretty portico near the street entrance. It was furnished, I was pained to note, not with divans and rugs, but with a set of red plush and walnut sofas and chairs, such as you would find in the *salon* of a third-rate French hotel. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was a dear kindly old gentleman, with a fine white beard down to his waist, but he had a cold in his head, and this kept him dabbing at his nose with a red bandanna handkerchief rolled up in a ball, which was not in keeping with the rest of his costume, nor with the dignity of his appearance. He and Dr. Field got on very well; they found out that they were both seventy years of age, and both highly esteemed in their different churches. Indeed, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was good enough to say, through Colonel Mathews, that Dr. Field had a good face, and one that showed he had led a religious life. He rather neglected me, and I was out of it, especially when both the doctor and the cabinet minister began hoping that Allah would bless them both. I thought it most unorthodox language for Dr. Field to use.

We then walked up the hill upon which stand the fort, the prisons, the treasury, and the governor's palace, and were received at the entrance to the latter by the same gentlemen who had for the last two days been enjoying my discomfiture. They were now most gracious in their manner, and bowed proudly and respectfully to Colonel Mathews as we passed between two rows of them and entered the hall of the palace. We went through three halls covered with colored tiles and topped with arches of ornamental scroll-work painted red and blue. At the extreme end of these rooms the Bashaw stood waiting for us. He was the finest-looking Moor I had seen; and I think the Moorish gentleman, though it seems a strange thing to say, is the most perfect type of a gentleman that I have seen in any country. He is seldom less than six feet tall, and he carries his six feet with the erectness of a soldier and with the grace of a woman. The bones of his face are strong and well placed, and he looks kind and properly self-respecting, and is always courteous. When you add to this clothing as brilliant and robes as clean and soft and white as a bride's, you have a very worthy-looking man. The Bashaw towered above all of us. He wore brown and dark blue cloaks, with a long under-waistcoat of light blue silk, yellow shoes, and a white turban as big as a bucket, and his baggy trousers were as voluminous as Letty Lind's divided skirts. He could not speak English, but he shook hands with us, which Moors do not do to one another, and walked on ahead through court-yards and halls and up stairways to a little room filled with divans and decorated with a carved ceiling and tiled walls. There we all sat down, and a soldier in a long red cloak and with numerous swords sticking out of his person gave us tea, and sweet cakes made entirely of sugar. As soon as we had finished one cup he brought in another, and, noticing this, I indulged sparingly; but the doctor finished his first, and then refused the rest, until the Consul-General told him he must drink or be guilty of a breach of etiquette.

The Bashaw and Colonel Mathews talked together, and we paid the governor long and laborious compliments, at which he smiled indulgently. He did not strike me as being at all overcome by them; he had, on the contrary, very much the air of a man of the world, and seemed rather to be bored, but too polite to say so. He looked exactly like Salvini as Othello. While the tea-drinking was going on we were making asides to Colonel Mathews, and urging him to propose our going into the prison, which he said he would do, but that it must be done diplomatically. We told him we would give all the prisoners bread and water, or a lump sum to the guards, or whatever he thought would please the Bashaw best. He and the Bashaw then began to talk about it, and the doctor and I looked consciously at the ceiling. The Bashaw said that never since he had been governor of Tangier had he allowed either a native or a foreigner to enter the prison; and that if a European did so, he would be torn to pieces by the fanatics imprisoned there, who would think they were pleasing Allah by abusing an unbeliever. Colonel Mathews also added, on his own account, that we would probably catch some horrible disease. The more they did not want us to go, the more we wanted to go, the doctor rising to the occasion with a keenness and readiness of resource worthy of a New York reporter after a beat. I can pay him no higher compliment. After a long, loud, and excited debate, the Bashaw submitted, and the Consul-General won.

The first prison they showed us was the county jail, in which men are placed for a month or more. It was dirty and uninteresting, and we protested that it was not the one which the Bashaw had described, and asked to be shown the one where the enemies of the government were incarcerated. Colonel Mathews called back the Bashaw's soldiers, and we went on to the larger prison, immediately adjoining. Some time ago the inmates of this made a break for liberty, and forced open the one door which bars those inside from the outer world. The guards fired into the mass of them, and the place shows where the bullets struck. To prevent a repetition of this, three heavy bars were driven into the masonry around the door, so close together that it is impossible for more than one man to leave or enter the prison at one time even when the door is open. And the opening is so small that to do this he must either crawl in on his hands and knees, or lift himself up by the crossbar and swing himself in feet foremost. It impressed me as a particularly embarrassing way to make an entrance among a lot of people who meditated tearing you to pieces. I pointed this out to the doctor, but he was determined, though pale. So the guards swung the door in, and the first glimpse of a Christian gentleman the prisoners had in ten years was a pair of yellow riding-boots which shot into space, followed by a young man, and a moment later by an elderly gentleman with a white tie. We made a combined movement to the middle of the prison, which was lighted from above by a square opening in the roof, protected by iron bars. This was the only light in the place. All around the four sides of the patio or court were rows of pillars supporting a portico, and back of these was a second and outer corridor opening into the porticos, and so into the patio. The whole place, patio, porticos, and outer corridor, was about as big as the stage of a New York theatre. It was paved with dirt and broken slabs, and littered with straw. There was no furniture of any sort. With the exception of the sink upon which we stood, directly under the opening in the roof, the place was in almost complete darkness, although the sun was shining brilliantly outside.

I think there must have been about fifty or sixty men in the prison, and for a short time not one of them moved. They were apparently, to judge by the way they looked at us, as much startled as though we had ascended from a trap like goblins in a pantomime, and then half of them, with one accord, came scrambling towards us on their hands and knees. They were half naked, and their hair hung down over their eyes; and this, and their crawling towards us instead of walking, made them look more or less like animals. As they came forward there was a clanking of chains, and I saw that it was because their legs were fettered that they came as they did, and not standing erect like human beings. The guard who followed us in was over two minutes in getting the door fastened behind him, and my mind was more occupied with this fact than with what I saw before me; for it seemed to me that if there was any tearing to pieces to be gone through with, I should hate to have to wait that long while the door was being opened again. This thought, with the shock of seeing thirty wild men moving upon us out of complete darkness on their hands and knees, was the only sensation of any interest that I received while visiting the prison.

The inmates looked exactly like the poorer of the Moors outside, except that their hair was longer and their clothing was not so white. There was one man, however, quite as well dressed as any of the Sultan's counsellors, and he seemed to be the only one who objected to our presence. The rest did nothing except to gratify their curiosity by staring at us; they did not even hold out their hands for money. They were very dirty and poorly clothed, and their long imprisonment had made them haggard and pale, and the iron bars around their legs gave them a certain interest. The atmosphere of the place was horribly foul, but not worse than the atmosphere of either the men's or women's ward at night in a precinct station-house in New York city. Indeed, I was not so much impressed with the horrors of the Sultan's prison as with the fact that our own are so little better, considering our advanced civilization. I do not mean our large prisons, but the cells and the vagrants' rooms in the police stations. There the vagrant is given a sloping board and no ventilation. In Tangier he is given straw and an opening in the roof. To be fair, you must compare a prisoner's condition in jail with that which he is accustomed to in his own home, and the homes of the Moors of the lower class are as much like stables as their stables are like pigsties. The poor of Tangier are allowed, through the kindness of the Sultan, to sleep on the bare stones around the entrance to one of the mosques. For the poor sick there has been built a portico, about as large as a Fifth Avenue omnibus, opposite this same mosque. This is called the hospital of Tangier. It is considered quite good enough for sick people and for those who have no homes. And every night you will see bundles of rags lying in the open street or under the narrow roof of the portico, exposed to the rain and to the bitter cold. If this, in the minds of the Moors, is fair treatment of the sick and the poor, one cannot expect them to give their criminals and murderers white bread and a freshly rolled turban every morning.

If I had seen horrible things in the Sultan's prison—men starving, or too sick to rise, or chained to the walls, or half mad, or loathsome with disease—I should certainly have been glad to call the attention of other people to it, not from any philanthropic motives perhaps, but as a matter of news interest. I did not, however, see any of these things. Dr. Field, I believe, was differently impressed, and is of the opinion that the outer corridor contained many things much too horrible to believe possible. He compared this to Dante's ninth circle of hell, and made a point of the fact that the guard had called me back when I walked towards it. I, however, went into it while the doctor and the guard were getting the door open for us to return, and saw nothing there but straw. It seemed to me to be the place where the men slept when the rain, coming through the opening in the roof, made it unpleasant for them to remain in the court.

It may seem that my persistence in visiting the prison is inconsistent with what I have said of foreigners forcing themselves into places in Morocco where they are not wanted, but I am quite sure that had any one heard the stories told me of the horror of these jails, he would have considered himself justified in learning the truth about them; and I cannot understand why, if the members of the legations who tell these stories believe them, they have not used their influence to try and better the condition of the prisoners, rather than in introducing game-laws for the protection of partridges and wild-boars. It is, perhaps, gratifying to note that the two gentlemen of whom I spoke as having visited the prison in the last ten years were the American Consul-General and another resident American. Both of these contributed food to the prisoners, and reported what they had seen to our government.

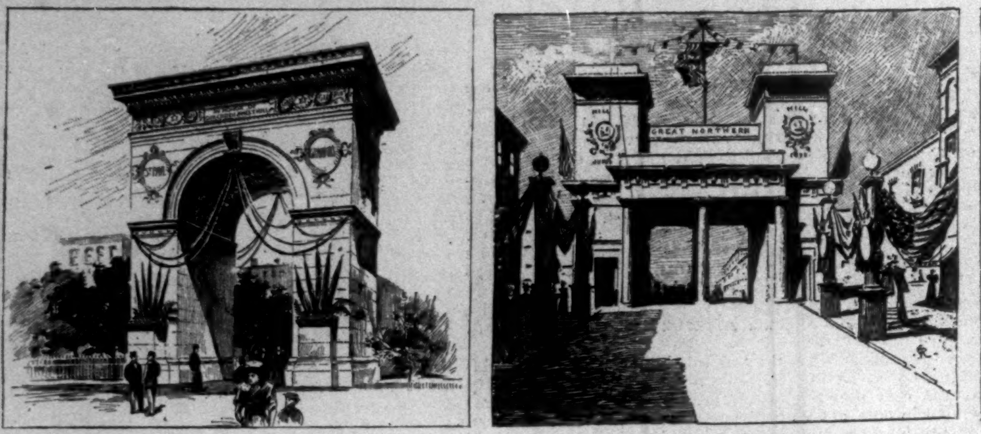
On the whole, Tangier impresses one as a fine thing spoiled by civilization. Barbarism with electric lights at night is not attractive. Tangier to every traveller should be chiefly interesting as a stepping-stone towards Tetuan or Fez. Tetuan can be reached in a day's journey, and there the Moor is to be seen pure and simple, barbarous and beautiful.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

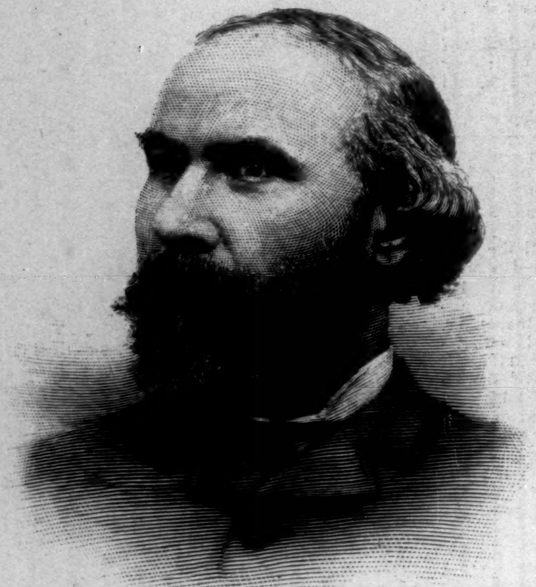
Deep in our soul-seas there are sunken hopes
That once gleamed marble-white, pure shafts of stone
With carvings thereupon of cryptic joy
Long, long forgotten; streets submerged, that erst
Were brave with every sign of festal life;
And scented groves that stand for dreams; and near,
Great towers stately builded, palaces
For pleasure-making when the time was May;
All dim in tangles of mermaiden's hair.
The traffic of a world of elder time
Choked potently by water, and engirt
With grewsome shapes and growths beneath the brine.

Deep in our soul-seas, drowned; while present waves
Glide smoothly o'er the lost Atlantis, once
So regnant in our Past; and summer sails
Fleet onward toward new Western isles, since man
Must ever gear him for new guests, and leave
The mute memorials of the lapsèd years.

Richard Burton.

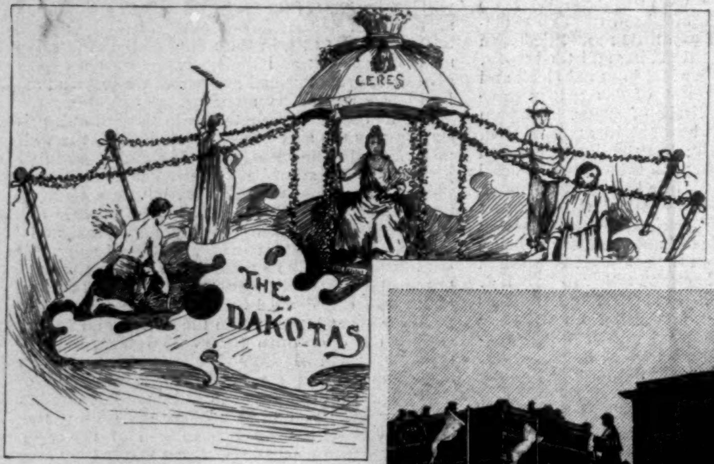


SOME OF THE ARCHES.

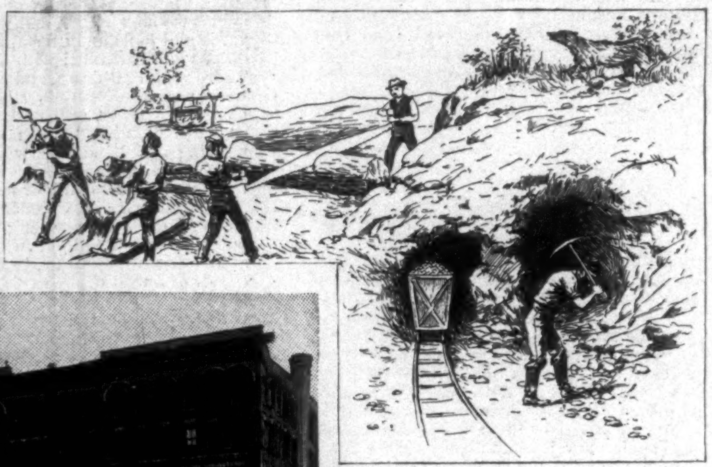


JAMES J. HILL, PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD.

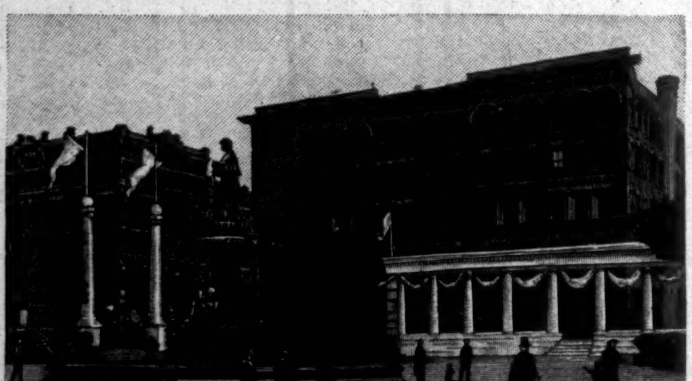
DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.



FLOAT—THE DAKOTAS.

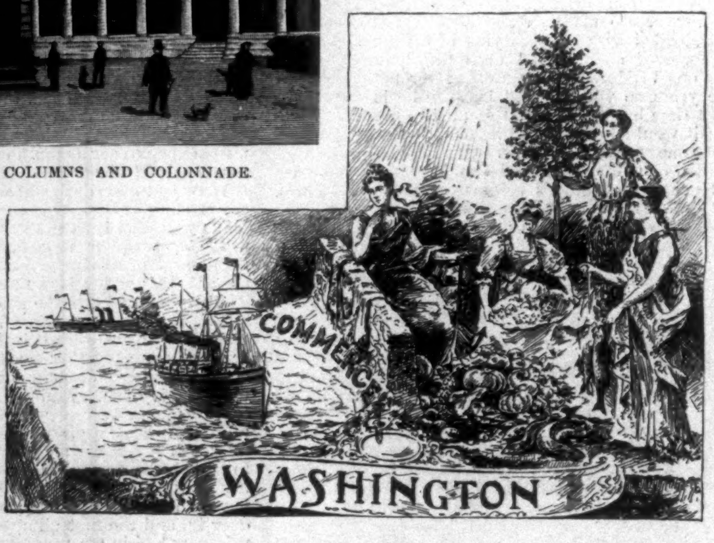


FLOAT—WISCONSIN.



IN SMITH PARK, SHOWING THE COLUMNS AND COLONNADE.

FLOAT—MINNESOTA.



FLOAT—WASHINGTON.

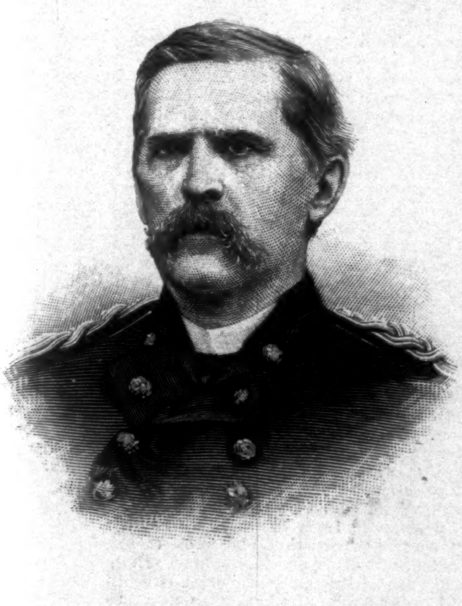
COMPLETION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD—CELEBRATION OF THE EVENT IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

From the Architects' Designs—Sketches by W. L. Banning, Jun., and from Photographs.—[See Page 531.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HOODEN, OR PEACOCK PALACE.
The Japanese Exhibit on Wooded Island.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

THE NEW BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

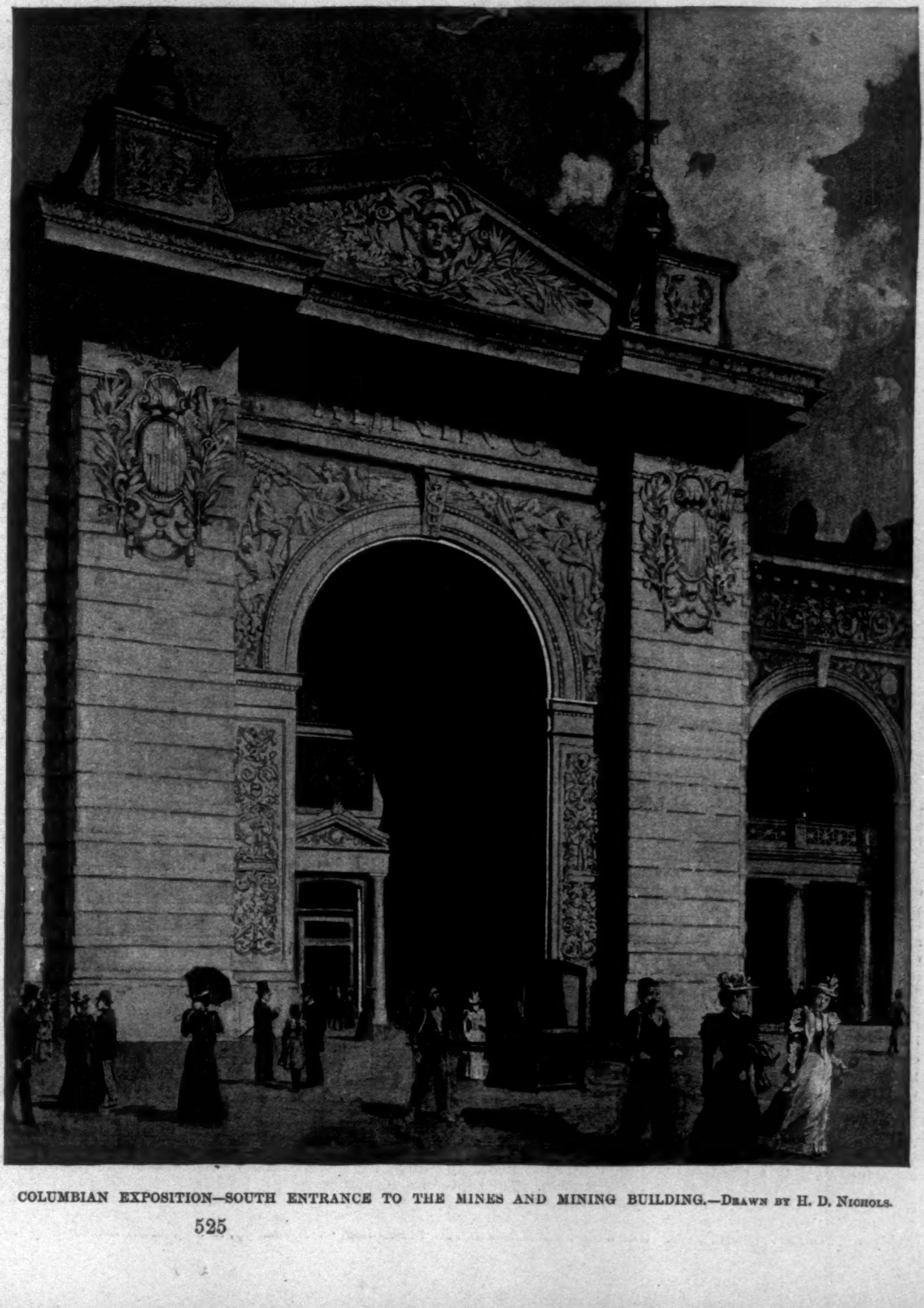
COLONEL WILLIAM PASSMORE CARLIN, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., was appointed Brigadier-General by President Cleveland on May 17th, to fill the vacancy which had existed since last March. Colonel Carlin is a native of Illinois, having been born in Rich Woods, Greene County, on November 24, 1829. He was appointed as a cadet to the United States Military Academy by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in 1846, and in July, 1850, graduated from the academy with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry, and was placed on duty at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, being made Second Lieutenant a year later. In March, 1855, he received the rank of First Lieutenant, and engaged in the Sioux expedition under General Harney, and later, in 1857 and 1858 respectively, took part in the Cheyenne and Utah campaigns. Lieutenant Carlin was in the march to California in the latter part of 1858, and for two years afterwards on service in different parts of the State. Being promoted to a Captaincy in 1861, he was on recruiting duty for a short time in Buffalo, New York. In August of the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. P. CARLIN, U. S. A.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.

same year, he entered the volunteer service, having obtained leave of absence for that purpose, accepting the appointment of Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Illinois Volunteers, and two months later was at the defeat of General Jeff Thompson at Fredericktown, Missouri, after engaging in other battles and skirmishes. He was then placed in command of the District of Southeastern Missouri, assisting later in the pursuit of Beauregard, and many other operations.

Owing to distinguished services at Perryville, Kentucky, in October, 1862, when he earned the high praise of all his superior officers, Colonel Carlin was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He took part in many skirmishes and battles that year, and later on was in the Tullahoma campaign and the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. In November, 1863, he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious services at Chattanooga, and was made Major of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, February, 1864. He then went with the army into Georgia, seeing almost incessant fighting for some time, and was at the capture and surrender of Atlanta. Commanding a division in the assault on the intrenchments of Jonesboro, Georgia, on September 1, 1864, he so distinguished himself that he was made Brevet Colonel in the regular army. In the famous march to the sea, the surrender of Savannah, and the invasion of the Carolinas, Colonel Carlin proved himself so efficient and able an officer that in March, 1865, he was made Brevet Major-General, United States Volunteers, and for his services at Bentonville, North Carolina, that same month, he was further honored by the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, United States Army. At the close of the war, for "gallant and meritorious services in the field during the rebellion," Colonel Carlin was brevetted Major-General of the regular army. Leaving the volunteer service in August, 1865, Colonel Carlin held a number of positions on prominent army boards, and commanded several posts. While on frontier duty in Dakota in 1872-3 he engaged against the Indians attacking Fort McKean. He was made Colonel of the Fourth Infantry, April, 1882, which command he has held since that time. In the labor troubles in the Cœur d'Alene mining region last year Colonel Carlin was particularly commended by General Schofield, commanding the army of the United States, who wrote: "The good judgment and wise discretion exercised by Colonel Carlin under trying circumstances and conflicting demands from persons representing opposing interests merited high commendation. It was due to Colonel Carlin's discretionary action that no further destruction of life or property occurred, while peace and order and submission to law were restored. This service of Colonel Carlin was the culmination of a long and distinguished career."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

THERE'S them as don't like silver, and there's them as
 don't like gold;
Though I'd be willin' for to take as much as I could hold
Of any precious metal, be it yellow, green, or white,
For all has pleasin' qualities, an' not fur out o' sight.

I'd like to see potaters go as legal-tender cash,
Though I am willin' to admit the scheme 'd be ruther rash;
But long as people can't agree on silver or on gilt,
Some compromise is needed, else our credit 'll be spilt.

And I can't see if miners has been favored all these years
Why farmers shouldn't git a chance to prick up their old
 ears,
An' take potaters or red beets down to the Treasury,
An' git a bag full o' them bills in change for them, ye see.

Then when they all have had enough, why let shoemakers
 thrive,
An' make a pair o' boots an' shoes good for a bill for five.
Then, after all these has stores of wealth, give all the rest
 a chance
By makin' legal tender out of chandeliers an' pants.

Or else take up this other plan, a spick an' span new
 scheme,
By which you can't but realize most every poor man's
 dream:
Let all pay to the government each dollar that he gets,
Then let the government take hold an' pay all private
 debts.

In this way every citizen who dwells in these here States
Is just as rich as them as runs the wealthy syndicates;
An' government will have a chance it doesn't often git
To try supportin' every man who's forced to stand by it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

WHETHER or no, from either a popular, managerial, or financial stand-point, additional places of amusement are needed in this already well-stocked city, it is certain that Mr. French's new American Theatre, which was successfully thrown open to an admiring and enthusiastic public on Monday night, is a notable acquisition to the ranks of local theatres in many ways. As a play-house it is eminently satisfactory. We are told that "it is absolutely fire-proof, and that it has every known modern improvement," and in view of the impression which the house produces on a casual observer, one is disposed to believe this, or anything else that Mr. French chooses to tell us of his new house. The theatre is unusually spacious, being second in size only to the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera-houses. The architectural lines of the interior are graceful, and the great centre dome, which, according to the programme, is the "crowning feature" of the house, gives a dignity and feeling of spaciousness to the auditorium which is quite marked. The interior decoration has been carried out in modelled plaster-work with applied color and gilding, and is exceedingly tasteful in design and restful and grateful to the eye as regards the scheme of color, the basis of which is a dull terra-cotta red, lightening in places to pink and yellow. Spacious corridors surround the auditorium, and the effect produced by the whole interior is one of comfort and well-balanced artistic unity. The lines of sight in the auditorium are exceedingly good, and although some of the actors were a little indistinct on the opening night, this was probably due to their failure to quite catch the pitch of the building rather than to any defect in its acoustical properties. Had the cushions of the seats in the orchestra been a little softer, one would have been inclined to say that the new American Theatre is the most perfect specimen of theatrical architecture, and modern progress in the same, now in New York.

In his choice of a play to open a theatre whose policy should be to appeal equally in its performances to audiences varying in quality and differing in taste, Mr. French was exceedingly happy. Before the production of *The Prodigal Daughter* some doubt was felt as to whether the pronounced sporting tone of the play would appeal as much to American audiences as it did to English ones. Any such doubt was effectually removed by the reception accorded the play on Monday night by all parts of the house, from the stalls to the "gods" above. From a purely dramatic stand-point a good deal might be found to criticise in *The Prodigal Daughter*. As a play it is somewhat oververbose, and in no way original either in plot or incident. But it is in no way necessary to criticise a piece intended principally as a convenient vehicle to present to an audience certain realistic incidents from such a stand-point. All the traditional characters of old-fashioned melodrama are present—the heavy father, the polished villain, the erring daughter, the pair of light-comedy lovers, the tempted but finally virtuous stable hand, the miserable outcast, and the hero who is the *deus ex machinâ* of all situations—all cast in conventional mould, but all making traditional points and effects with more than usual success. It is hardly necessary to repeat the details of the story which forms the background for the various highly realistic incidents presented in the five acts and ten scenes into which the play is divided. Mr. French has even outdone himself in the mounting of this play, which is complete and artistic to a really unusual extent. In the first act we have the interior of an English country house; a beautiful set showing a meet and hunt breakfast, with a pack of hounds and real horses. In the second act the court-yard of the Grand Hotel, Paris, most faithfully reproduced, with a real cab and horse. In the third act an ingenious revolving scene, showing first the outside of a training-stable, and afterwards by a quick change the inside, with the horses in their stalls. In the fourth act we get the crowning realistic feature of the drama, a representation of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. This whole scene is really most realistic, and the ten thoroughbred horses which play important parts in the drama, in the preliminary parade, the first fence, the water-jump, and the finish on the flat, give as realistic a picture of an actual race as is possible to reproduce on the stage, the whole being received with boundless enthusiasm. The principal scene of the last act is a most picturesque one, showing the lawn in front of an old Elizabethan country house with really marvellous verisimilitude. One would think that there would be little doubt that the enormous success achieved by *The Prodigal Daughter* in London would be repeated here, as it is a thoroughly good piece of its type, well presented, and as such is well worth seeing, and likely to draw large audiences to the new American Theatre for some time to come.

Mr. French has gotten together an admirable company in every respect. Mr. Leonard Boyne, the original in the part of the hero—Captain Vernon—is a capital actor, refined and finished in style, who makes his effects in a way which is none the less telling because absolutely quiet and free from all conventional melodramatic bombast or exaggeration. That he is a thorough sportsman and good rider as well is evidenced by the fact that he has steered his mount around what must be an exceedingly perplexing course on any stage for so many months without an accident. Messrs. Dalton and Bassett, as the polished villain Deepwater and his Hebrew satellite, Mr. Dudley Roper, were also exceedingly good; indeed, there was no one part in the play that was not well taken. Miss Julia Arthur, as the Prodigal Daughter, has fewer opportunities than one would think would naturally belong to the title-rôle, but she took every advantage of every chance she had, and gave to her part as much prominence as it was capable of. Miss Helen Dauvray, as a little Quaker who marries a sporting lord—played by Mr. De Angelis—in order to regenerate him, made the most of what was the one original dramatic type in the piece, and with Mr. De Angelis succeeded in being very amusing with rather slight material. Mr. Howard, as the virtuous stable hand who is tempted but does not fall, was also excellent; while Mr. Barnes as the heavy father, Mr. Knight as the erring lover who makes the Prodigal Daughter prodigal, and Mr. Walden Ramsay in a small character bit were all satisfactory. Congratulations are therefore in order to Mr. French on his new theatre, his new piece, on the way it is presented, and on the company presenting it. If Mr. French is successful it is because managerial enterprise and liberality coupled with managerial acumen may generally safely be relied upon to bring their own reward.

Anent Mr. Bellows's local farce-comedy *No. 3 A*, produced at the Standard on Monday night, one is reminded of the well-known incident of the three men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, about whom it is related that "if the bowl had been stronger their story would have been longer." *No. 3 A* is the tale of a shoe, or rather of a slipper, remarkable in one respect in that though its size is absolutely stated, it is elastic to the extent of being able to fit the foot of everybody on the stage. The author and the actors through three rather dreary acts use all possible diligence in endeavoring to inform the audience as to the ownership of the shoe or slipper in question—to very little purpose, for the audience, having discovered for themselves early in Act I. to whom the slipper belongs, feel little further interest in the proceedings. The company presenting *No. 3 A*, including Mr. E. J. Henley, Miss Robson, and other well-known actors, were tireless in their exertions to put some point in a piece which had none; but though a play may make an actor, an actor cannot often make a play, and it is therefore doubtful whether Mr. Bellows's dramatic effort, though, owing to its author's enterprise, it has blossomed, will bear any permanent dramatic fruit.

Mr. Kellar is certainly a most excellent magician, doing tricks both old and new in a way calculated to mystify the most intelligent, but he seems a trifle out of place at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Daly also is somewhat at fault in thinking that since Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies will revive, Mr. Planché's comedies are capable of being subjected to the same process. In spite of Miss Catharine Lewis, who still retains enough of her former sprightliness and vivacity to be decidedly attractive, a more inane and pointless performance than that of the *Loan of a Lover* has not been seen in a New York theatre this season. As Mr. Kellar's bill is already over-long, a curtain-raiser might well be dispensed with altogether. Mr. Kellar is clever enough to make what was old in his performance, like the chemical trick of the water and the wine, interesting, and presented one or two novelties of the style of the vanishing-lady trick which were most ingenious and well done. Mrs. Kellar's so-called "psychological" feats in reading numbers off the blackboard, and telling numbers of bank-notes, and so on, when blindfolded, though not novel, were exceedingly ingenious, as whatever system of communication is employed between her and her husband, it is one which does not necessitate the speaking of a word on his part. In this respect she is an improvement upon others who have successfully accomplished the same feats in New York this season.

Roof-gardening has become a very favorite form of amusement and recreation in this popular summer resort, and owing to the marked increase in the number of the places where this pastime may be indulged in, it may be said with truth that New-Yorkers live nearer heaven in summer than at any other time of the year; for though the celestial characteristics of the roof garden may perhaps be questioned, its added coolness would seem to preclude the possibility of its connection with any lower place. Last week the Casino roof garden inaugurated its summer season, the star of the performance being a newly imported French attraction, Mlle. Naya, whose principal charm is that she looks well and dresses well. Her singing and dancing are somewhat indefinite, and she also to a certain extent lacks vivacity. Within a week or two the roof-gardener will have a chance of a variety of choice, as, in addition to the Madison Square roof garden, the Manhattan Opera-house and the American Theatre will soon throw open their roofs to the public.

The London opera season has started in brilliantly. The novelties of the season include Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*, Mascagni's *I Rantzau*, Puccini's *Nanon Lescaut*, which has made a brilliant success in Italy, and probably Massenet's *Werther*, also one of the recent operatic successes. Sir Augustus Harris has assembled a remarkable company, including the De Rezkés, Alvary, De Lucia, Plançon—the great bass from the Paris opera, who, it is to be hoped, will also be a member of Mr. Abbey's company next season—Mesdames Melba, Calvé, Guerchia, and others. Herr Mottl, the famous Wagnerian conductor, will appear later in the season to conduct the Wagner operas. Apropos, complaints are being made that *Lohengrin* is now being subjected to so many cuts in performance that it is actually being whittled away. As now played, a Wagner authority says there are five cuts in the first act, fifteen in the second, and eleven in the third, so that no fewer than 1238 bars of music have disappeared from the score. Signor Mascagni has just made his début as an author with a book entitled, *Out of Dark Days*, in which he gives many details in regard to his early struggles. Another prodigy pianist, a boy of eight, who rejoices in the name of Raol Koczalski, is at present astonishing London. His technical attainments are said to be wonderful for a boy of his years, and he is also said to have real feeling, tenderness, romance, and spirit which are not generally characteristic of the average infant prodigy. A new addition to musical literature has just been made in the shape of the new quarterly *Musical Review*, whose first number appeared lately. Interesting articles by Dr. MacKenzie on the modern orchestra, on Rubinstein's *Moses*, and other timely topics make the number an interesting one.

Musical interest last week was entirely confined to the two concerts given at Music Hall, at which Madame Materna, the celebrated dramatic soprano, was heard for the first time in eight years. It was a notable satisfaction to those who had been moved and thrilled by Madame Materna's great art and glorious voice in former years, in her celebrated creations of Brunehilde and Kundry, and in the other Wagnerian rôles in which she was equally successful, to find that great art indeed cannot grow old; that Madame Materna's art was as admirable as ever, and that her voice was still as potent as of yore in producing pleasurable emotions. At this particular time of year, when the musical field is barren and desolate, these concerts, both of which were exceedingly good, were welcome indeed, and were evidently much appreciated by those who attended them. One could not help noting the superiority, refinement, precision, and finish in the playing of the Symphony orchestra, as compared with the playing of the Seidl orchestra last heard here in concert. The Wagnerian selections were really splendidly played, though Mr. Damrosch was a little inclined at times to over-exuberance in his accompaniments. The Bostonians produced a new opera, the *Knickerbockers*, at the Garden Theatre, on Monday night, critical reference to which for obvious reasons is omitted. A telegram from Vienna states that Verdi's new opera, *Falstaff*, was a flat failure at its first production at the Grand Opera-house; that the work aroused no enthusiasm, and that the critical comment on it was distinctly unfavorable. It seems strange that a work which representatives of the entire European press united in praising in Milan should have been thus received in the most musical city in Europe, and one is inclined to wait for further details before accepting this somewhat surprising statement as a fact.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

HOW THE CHINESE TOOK IT.

WITHIN an hour from the time Justice Gray delivered the majority opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, affirming the constitutionality of the Geary act, the intelligent portion of the Chinese colony in San Francisco knew the effect of the decision, and were advised that every Chinese laborer in the United States who had not registered and procured his certificate before the 6th day of May was liable to arrest, imprisonment, and subsequent deportation. The expression "intelligent portion" is used advisedly, and includes the Chinese Consul-General, the master-spirits of the Six Companies, and a large number of Chinese merchants and traders, all of whom have watched the current of events with a discerning eye. These men, who yield to no others in sagacity and shrewdness, met at once in informal discussion, and studied and debated the question of the effect of the Supreme Court decision with as much reason and forethought as could have been displayed by any people anywhere.

The heads of the Six Companies declined positively to give any indication of or even suggestion of their action in the future, but it was evident that they did not consider the case as finally and conclusively closed, but still had hopes of there being something in reserve which should nullify, or at least modify, the effect of the decision of the Supreme Court. They took refuge in reticence when urged to explain their position, and to break through the wall of Chinese reticence when once built is an absolute impossibility.

The Chinese laborers, on the other hand, the class immediately affected by the decision, betrayed no more personal interest in the decision than they had or have done in any phase of what is known, generically, as the Chinese question. Careful inquiry in San Francisco failed to show that they either knew or cared anything about the ruling of the Supreme Court, or that they had lost faith for a moment in the wisdom of those arbiters of their destiny, the Six Companies. They went to their daily tasks and returned from them to their dens with the same stolidity, the same *insouciance*, and the same air of content and good-humor which have usually characterized them, and with no more thought, seemingly, of their possible deportation than they had ten years ago. Theirs, if ever, was a case where ignorance was bliss, and where, surely, 'twere folly to be wise.

In this connection it is but just to say a word regarding the conduct of the white residents of San Francisco on the receipt of the Supreme Court's decision. In no single instance was there the slightest manifestation of a disposition to advance the current of events, or to take the enforcement of the provisions of the Geary act out of the hands of the Federal authorities. A mountebank and charlatan who has for years sought to ride into office on the crest of a wave of anti-Chinese sentiment in San Francisco, hired a band and attempted to get up a mass-meeting, but he was laughed and jeered out of countenance, and left his rostrum in disgust.

One class of the Chinese regarded the decision in the Geary act with sublime indifference; that is, the Chinese who were born on American soil, and are therefore American citizens. There are in California, and especially in San Francisco, a good many of these native sons (and daughters), some of whom will be eligible to vote at the next Presidential election. They are, as a rule, bright, intelligent youngsters, whom contact with Caucasian children has loosened in a measure from the swaddling-bands of Oriental prejudice and superstition, and while they are Chinese in appearance, in dress, and in modes of living, they have become occidentalized in many matters of education, and particularly in their habits of thought. One of the chief factors in the Chinese problem is the social and sociological future of these Chino-American children, many of whom are already nearly out of their teens.

Here is the last word of California on the Chinese question up to the present moment. The people of California, if polled to-day, would not consent to a wholesale expulsion of the Chinese to the detriment of their personal rights, or rights of property; but they do insist that no more coolie laborers shall come here to compete, on terms too favorable to themselves, with white labor, and that the Geary act, which attempts merely to draw the line between Chinese legally in the country and those who have been smuggled across the border in defiance of existing laws of Congress, be substantially enforced. This view California conceives to be not sandlotism nor hoodlumism, but a measure of equity, of justice, and of plain common-sense, based on thirty years' experience with an alien and absolutely non-assimilative race.

MARCUS P. WIGGIN, San Francisco.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

(*Continued from first page.*)

feast, for the Clifton has its own lunch-counter just off one corner of the grand court, as well as a restaurant several floors higher up. The members of the tribe may also smoke the pipe of peace among themselves whenever so minded, for the Clifton has its own cigar-stand just within the principal entrance. Newspapers and periodicals, too, are sold at the same place. The warriors may also communicate their messages, hostile or friendly, to chiefs more or less remote; for there is a telegraph office in the corridor and a squad of messenger-boys in wait close by.

In a word, the Clifton aims to be complete within itself, and it will be unnecessary for us to go afield either far or frequently during the present simple succession of brief episodes in the lives of the Cliff-dwellers.

I.

On the tenth floor of the Clifton is the office of the Massachusetts Brass Company.

Those whose minds are attuned to an appreciation of upholstery and kindred matters pronounce this little suite the gem of the whole establishment. Even many who are not adepts in the matter of house-furnishing, and who are much too rushed and preoccupied to become such, have been known to pause in their course through the Clifton's long corridors, on occasions when the ribbed glass door of the Brass Company happened to be standing ajar, and to say to themselves, with certain home offices in mind, "Now, why can't our people do as much for *us?*"

Indeed, there is cause enough for envy in that small square of velvety Axminster, in the harmonious tinting of the walls, in the padded leather backs of the swivel chairs, in the polished brightness of the cherry desk-tops, in the fresh blotting-pads and the immaculate inkstands. To sit in this pleasant little apartment for half an hour is to receive quite a new impression of the possible luxury of business, the ultimate elegance of trade. This may be managed as easily as not if you happen to have any dealings with "D. Walworth Floyd, Agt."—according to the legend on the translucent pane of the door—who is quite unlikely to hurry you out before you have finished.

"Don't be in such a drive," he will perhaps say to you; "stay and smoke a cigar."

For business is not too exacting a consideration with the western branch of the Massachusetts Brass Company. It is less a hive of industry than a social exchange. The hours are easy, and the *habitués* are as frequently callers as customers. They are often Jacks or Toms, whose fathers are social pillars in Boston and large land-owners in Wyoming and Dakota, and Jack and Tom—birds of passage in Scotch cheviots and billycock hats—are given to alighting for a brief breathing-spell on this lofty perch, where they reproach the slipshod dress and careless speech of their friend's small office force by the trim neatness of their own clothes and conversation.

It may be guessed that this snug haven of refuge has been established and maintained less to extend the Company's trade than to provide a place for the Company's Walworth. I say *Company's* Walworth, for in this case "company" and "family" are interchangeable terms. The Massachusetts Brass Company is the Floyd family, and the Floyd family is the Massachusetts Brass Company. The Company pays no dividends, but is very generous in its salaries. It is liberal with Hosea G. Floyd, who is its president, and with Winthrop C. Floyd, who is its treasurer, and with H. Lovell Floyd, who is its New York agent, and with Cadwallader P. Floyd, who looks after the Philadelphia interests; nor does it quite forget D. Walworth Floyd, who holds up one end more or less effectively in the West. But Walworth is the last and the youngest of the Floyds; his marriage was not to the complete satisfaction of his family, and his single independent venture before leaving home, in the direction of coffee and spices, compelled his brothers to put their hands into their pockets rather deeply. So, while the rest of the Floyds think that, all considered, they have rather done the fair thing by Walworth, yet Walworth, on the other hand, regards his assignment to the West as a mild form of punishment and exile.

"It *does* give me a little elbow-room, though."

This is the silent acknowledgment that Walworth sometimes makes to himself—but grudgingly.

Walworth Floyd is a sleek, well-fed, prosperous-looking fellow of thirty. His figure is a trifle too short and dumpy to be pronounced absolutely good; but it is always strikingly well dressed—for he has lived in the West hardly a year as yet. His face is not handsome, but it is gentlemanly quite. One might, indeed, complain of the retreating lines of his forehead, and regret, too, that his chin, once perfect, now shows leanings towards the duplex; but, on the other hand, his well-bridged nose, you are sure, has been figuring in family portraits for the last hundred years, and his plump hands, by reason of the fine texture of the skin and the shapeliness of the nails, form a point that is distinctly aristocratic. Yet penmanship, under his manipulations, becomes a very crabbed and laborious affair, and this light species of manual labor is usually performed, so far as he is concerned, by other hands. He has a sort of general clerk, and he shares the services of a stenographer with two or three of his neighbors. He employs, too, an office-boy, who would idle away a good deal of time if Walworth were not in the habit of sending frequent communications to the steward of his club. Walworth, garmented in his plump placidity, has been accustomed to fare sumptuously every day, and to worry his head about as few things as possible. His dining he does for himself; his thinking he has somebody else do for him. His book-keeping and auditing and so on are done in the East, and a friend of his—he has no enemies—once said that his stomach was in Chicago, while his brains were in Boston.

Walworth, considering his family training and traditions, is inexplicably expansive. Even more than his limited capabilities for business, even more than the exactions of a wife whose pinched girlhood has helped her to a full appreciation of her present membership in a wealthy family, has his own open-hearted *bonhomie* "kept him back." He is just the man to whom one writes a letter of introduction without any sense of imposing a burden, or to whom one may present it without experiencing any great sense of embarrassment. And it is a letter of introduction, in point of fact, which is now lying half folded on the extended elbow-rest of his desk, and has been lying there for a quarter of an hour.

Most of us know something about letters of introduction—promised so thoughtlessly, written so glibly, presented so reluctantly, received so grudgingly. But when the letter is merely a trifling and insignificant line—a line which has no great importance for the bearer and can cause no great annoyance to the recipient—and when its presentation here and its accounting for there may be considered as but a minute item in the general system of social book-keeping, then we have an episode that passes quickly and lightly for all concerned. Such appears to be the situation in the office of the Massachusetts Brass Company.

Walworth is tilted back comfortably in one of his handsome chairs and sends out a casual glance through the nearest window. The sun is struggling with a half-luminous haze, and through this haze a hundred streaks of smoke are driving headlong towards the lake. A tall clock tower looms up three or four streets away, and one of its faces—on the looker's own level—gives the hour as half past ten.

"Well, we are living up on Pine Street, Mr. Ogden," he is saying; "just this side of the Water-Works—the place where the 'wheels go round,' you know. You beat me here by a few minutes this morning, but I think I can promise to be the first on the ground when you call on us there."

He is running his fingers over the edges of several little sheets of brass. A few bunches of these, together with a set or two of brass rings of varying diameters and thicknesses, are the only intimations of merchandise that the office yields. Sometimes even these are bundled away into a drawer, and then commerce is refined completely beyond the ken of the senses.

"However, don't go. I am a little late in getting around this morning, but the mail is light. Ferguson will look after it. Sit down again."

The visitor, thus urged, sank back into the chair from which he had just risen. He was a slender young man, of good height, and his age was perhaps twenty-four. His complexion was of the colorless kind that good health alone keeps from sallowness. His hair was a light brown and fine and thick, and it fell across his temples in the two smooth wings that were made by an accurate parting in the middle.

"WE ARE LIVING UP ON PINE STREET."

He had the beginnings of a shadowy little mustache, and a pair of good eyes which expressed a fair amount of self-reliance and any amount of hope.

"And how are you finding the West Side?" Walworth pursued. "I don't know much about it myself. This is a big town and awfully cut up. A man has to pick out his own quarter and stick to it. If you move from one side of the river to another, you bid good-by to all your old friends; you never see them again. You said you were somewhere near Union Park, I believe?"

"Yes," George Ogden answered; "I have landed in a pretty good place, and I want to stay there if I can. They're a sort of farming people—or were, to start with. They came from New York State, I believe, and haven't been here but a year or two. Is there anybody in this town who hasn't come from somewhere else, or who has been here more than a year or two?"

Walworth laughed. "*I* haven't. But you go around some, and you may find a few that have."

"The mother cooks, the father markets, the daughter helps to wait on table. Nice, friendly people; make me think of those at home." He smiled a little wistfully. "About the only people so far that do."

"Well, I have heard that there are some pretty good streets over there," is Walworth's vague response.

"Ours is. We have trees—all of one sort and planted regularly, I mean. And ornamental lamp-posts. And I'm only a block from the Park. Everything seems all right enough."

"I dare say; but don't you find it rather far away from ——?" queried Floyd, with a sort of insinuating intentness.

However, I have no idea of reproducing Walworth's remarks on the local topography. They were voluminous, but he would be found prejudiced and but partly informed. Besides, his little tirade was presently thrown out of joint by a dislocating interruption.

Walworth always experienced a mental dislocation, slight or serious, whenever his wife called at the office. Nor were matters much helped when his wife was accompanied by her sister. It was the latter of these who now opened the door with an assured hand and who shut it after the two of them with a confirmatory slam.

"Yes, here we are," she seemed to imply.

In Mrs. Walworth Floyd our young man met a lean and anxious little body, who appeared strenuous and exacting, and of the kind who, as the expression goes, are hard to get along with. She had a sharp little nose and a pair of inquisitorial eyes. She was dressed richly, but as simply as a sword in its scabbard. If Walworth spent an evening abroad it was a fair assumption that his wife knew where he was and all about it. Otherwise the sword was drawn.

"We have been almost three-quarters of an hour getting here," she said, in a tense way. "Something was the matter with the cable, and they kept us in the tunnel nearly twenty minutes. As I tell Ann, you can always count on that sort of thing when you've got anything of real importance on hand and not much time for it. And yet we talk about the jams and delays in Tremont Street!"

She drew down her mouth and blinked her eyes indignantly. She felt all the shortcomings of her new home very keenly; she made every one of them a personal affront.

"Ann thought it was amusing. Perhaps it won't seem so after it has happened to her three or four times more."

Walworth glanced apprehensively in the direction of his sister-in-law's chair. She was understood to be in his house on a brief visit. He trusted that she was not to be exposed a second time to so annoying an accident.

Ann Wilde was a stout woman who was nearing forty. Her appearance indicated that, while she had not escaped the buffets of the world, yet her past experiences had only seasoned and toughened her for her future ones. In this earthly turmoil of give and take she seemed to have played a full inning on each side. She had begun as a poetess, she had gone on as a boarding-house keeper, and she was now ready to take her first step as an investor. To turn from literature to lodgings indicates talent; to do so well in lodgings as to have funds for the purchase of property indicates genius. Miss Wilde, at fourteen, was a plain child whose straggling hair was drawn back from her forehead by an India-rubber comb that passed over the top of her head from ear to ear, and she was called Annie. At seventeen, conscious of the first flutterings of sentiment and prompted by indications of increasing comeliness, she renamed herself Annette. At twenty, somewhat disappointed in the promise of beauty, yet consoled in some degree by a spreading reputation as a versifier, she changed her name to Anne. At twenty-six, as the result of a disappointment in an affair of the heart and of a growing appreciation of the modesty of her social rôle, she resignedly styled herself Anna. And at thirty-five, fully convinced of her own hopeless plainness, of the completely practical cast of things generally, and of the uselessness of flying the flag of idealism any longer, she bobbed off at the same time both her hair and her name; she presented a short-cut poll of frizzled gray and she signed herself Ann. What's in a name? Sometimes nothing; sometimes a whole biography.

"I have been telling Mr. Ogden," said Walworth, "that he ought to be in our part of town—he ought to be one of our little circle." His wife looked up rather coldly; her little circle was not open to any new candidate that the uncalculating good-nature of her husband might propose. "That house around on Rush Street could take him in, I imagine. And all the people he will want to know are right around there. Why, you have been in Worcester, Frances; you know the Parkers. Well, Mrs. Parker is Mr. Ogden's aunt—aunt, I think you said?—yes, aunt; so you see about how it is. Always glad to welcome one more Eastern pilgrim to our little-what-you-may-call-it—oasis, you know."

"Why didn't you say Mr. Ogden was from the East, Walworth?" asked his wife, taxingly, and looked at the young man for the first time.

Her gaze was critical, but not forbidding.

"Yes, most of *us* are on the North Side," she observed.

"Ogden is as good as a neighbor already," Walworth went on, perseveringly; "a business neighbor. He is going into the Underground National. Letters and all that, you know. Pretty good for three weeks, I call it. If most of our fellows who come out here did as well in three months it would be money in Mrs. Floyd's pocket. To think of the fives and tens and twenties that have gone to old schoolmates of Win's and to fellows who knew Lovell when he was on the road!"

Ogden flushed a little and took the first step towards a frown. It is not pleasant to contemplate your possible inclusion in the reprehensible class of the strapped and the stranded, nor to feel that only a lucky letter of recommendation has saved a friend's wife from being crossed in some caprice or balked in some whim. But Floyd, although cordial and liberal, was not invariably fine.

"They stop me on the street, and they button-hole me in the hotels, and you can't think how many of them come right here. Of course, I always do what I can. But how do they find me out? And why is it that when I am going up home late over the viaduct and somebody is hanging about to strike some man for a quarter, I am always the man to be struck? One or two of them have actually paid me back, but—"

"Who?" asked his sister-in-law. She had a loud, rasping voice. "The men on the viaduct?"

"The others," Walworth indicated briefly.

"You are too generous," said Ogden. What a position for a man who was *not* to enter upon an engagement tomorrow! And what might three months be, if judged by the hopes and fears and expectations and disappointments of his three weeks!

"The Underground?" repeated Mrs. Floyd, turning towards her husband. "Isn't that Mayme Brainard's father's bank?" she asked, in a general way.

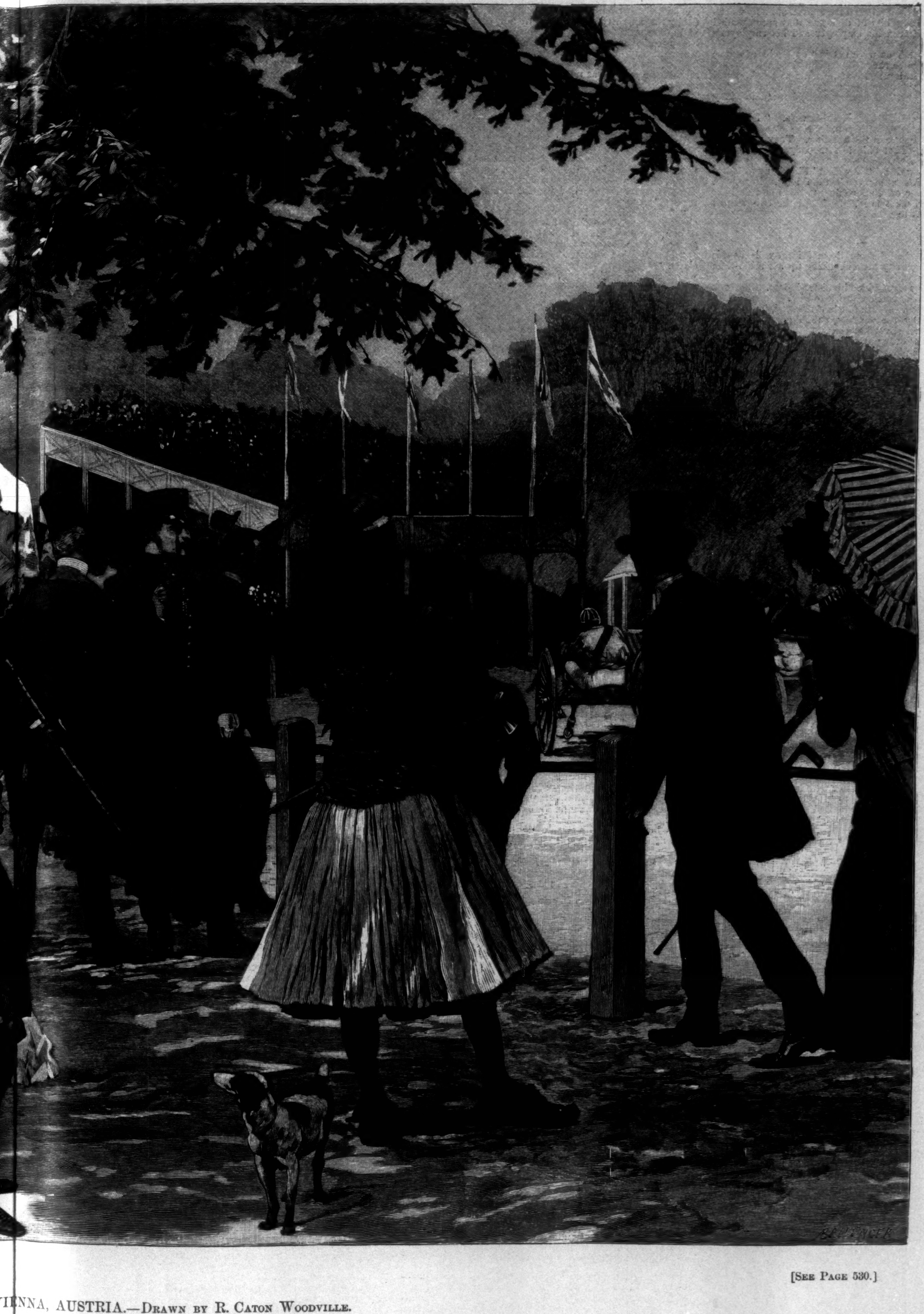
"Mr. Brainard is the president," assented Ogden, with a severe smile. "I addressed myself to the cashier," he added, shortly.

"I was sure I had heard of it," she rejoined, with a glacial graciousness.

"Well, if *you* have heard of it, my dear," her husband joked, "how widely known it must be! You ought to have heard of it; you've had enough checks on it, I'm sure!"

But Mrs. Floyd did not pursue the subject. She looked at her sister with that prim seriousness which means something on the mind—or on two minds—and her sister returned the look in kind; and they both looked in the same fashion back and forth between Walworth and his caller. Ann Wilde snapped the catch of her hand-bag once or twice, and glanced betweentimes at some loose papers inside it. Ferguson, in the other room, thought he perceived the approach of a domestic crisis—a disputed dressmaker's bill,

AN AMERICAN TROTTING MATCH IN VIE



[SEE PAGE 530.]

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.—DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

perhaps. Yet there might be other reasons. He knew that the cook was sometimes impertinent, and that the market-man now and then forgot to send the white-fish. He himself was a mere boarding bachelor, yet he had come to learn something of the relief which follows the shifting of a housekeeper's cares to the shoulders of the housekeeper's husband. Ferguson had relieved the tedium of many a half-hour by short-handing bits of dialogue that accompanied connubial spats between his employer and his employer's wife.

These signs and tokens were not lost on Ogden; he rose again to go. Nor were they lost on Floyd himself, whose apprehension of a bad quarter of an hour was heightened by the absence, as yet, of any exact data. He had no wish to hold the field alone, and he begged Ogden not to hurry his departure.

"Where are the girls?" he asked his wife. "I thought you said they came along with you."

"They did. They are in the building. They will be up in a few minutes. That child!—somebody ought to look after her."

"Then why not wait a little while?" Floyd suggested to Ogden. "My wife's affair won't take long. Ferguson, won't you just clear off that chair out there and find the paper? And now, what is it?" he asked the two women when they were left together.

II.

"Well, Ann has heard from those Minneapolis people again. And she isn't any nearer making up her mind than before."

"Here's what they say," added his sister-in-law. She took a letter out of her bag and handed it to him.

"Oh!" said Walworth. He felt half relieved, half vexed.

His wife stood by the window, rubbing her forefinger along the edges of its silver lettering.

"I don't see what ever put Minneapolis into Ann's head. There seems to be a plenty of buildings right here."

She looked at the rough brick back of a towering structure a few hundred feet away, and at the huddle of lower roofs between. From a skylight on one of these a sunbeam came reflected, and compelled her to move.

"And plenty of dirt, too, if she is after real estate; plenty to be sold, and plenty of people to sell it. I never saw a town where it was more plentiful."

She glanced downwards at the wagons and cars that were splashing through the streets after a rainy September night. "Why shouldn't there be more people to shovel it, too? You see their signs stuck up everywhere—the dealers', I mean."

"Ann can get to Minneapolis in thirteen hours," suggested Walworth, passing the end of his thumb along one of his eyebrows. "What's that, after the trip West? And then she can see for herself. You take the cars here late in the afternoon, and you get there in time for breakfast."

"I believe I'd just let it drop," said Miss Wilde, "if I happened to know positively of any good thing here. They write a nice enough letter, but I can't tell what state the building is in unless I see it. And I'm merely taking their word that the ground is worth a hundred and fifty. There's forty feet. I wonder if 'all improvements in' means that the street is paved?"

"Drop it, anyway," said her sister, as if she were disembarrassing herself of some loathsome parcel. "Look around in Chicago itself. You can see what you are buying then. Even if you do invest here, you are not compelled to live here." She became almost rigid in her disdain.

"Oh—um!" murmured Walworth, in a non-committal way.

The door opened suddenly, and two young girls entered in a brisk fashion. The first one had a slight figure, a little above the average height. To-day people called her slender; six or eight years later they would be likely to call her lean. She had long thin arms, and delicate, transparent hands. She had large eyes of a deep blue, and the veins were plainly outlined on her pale temples. She had a bright face and a lively manner, and seemed to be one who drew largely on her nervous force without making deposits to keep up her account. Her costume was such as to give one the idea that dress was an important matter with her.

"Well, Frankie," she called to Mrs. Floyd, "you found your way here all right, did you? You're a clever little body. Or did Miss Wilde help you?"

Mrs. Floyd passed back the Minneapolis letter to her sister, and bestowed a ladylike frown on the new-comers. She disliked to be called "Frankie," but what is to be done between cousins?

"Jessie!" she expostulated softly, indicating Ogden in the adjoining room.

"You can't think," the girl went on, to Ogden *redux*, "how proud my cousin is of her ignorance of Chicago. She knows where to buy her steaks, and she has mastered the shortest way down town, and that's about all. Frankie dear, where is the City Hall?"

"How should *I* know?" returned Frances Floyd, with a weary disdain.

"Why, there's the corner of it," cried Jessie Bradley, at the window, "not two blocks off. It's big enough to see."

"And she's been here a whole year, too!" cried her husband, proudly and fondly.

Mrs. Floyd drew Jessie Bradley aside. "I know I'm very ignorant," she said, speaking in a low tone, "but there is one thing you can tell me about if you want to. Why have you been so long in getting up to the office? You said Mayme—Mayme—I suppose that means Mary—you said that she was going to stop in the bank for just two or three minutes."

Jessie looked towards her young friend, who was seated near Ogden on one of the wide window-sills. Then she turned back to her questioner with eyes that were steady and perhaps a bit defiant.

"Well, we stopped for a minute in that insurance office on the way up. We came part way by the stairs. Mayme said she had just got to see him. I don't see how she can meet him anywhere else. They won't let him come to the house. I can't see that her brother has treated him so very well."

Mrs. Floyd's regard travelled from the culprit before her to the greater culprit on the window-sill. Mary Brainard was a pretty little thing of eighteen, with a plump, dimpled face. She had wide eyes of baby-blue under a fluffy flaxen bang. The brim of her hat threw a shadow over her pink cheeks, and she was nibbling the finger-ends of her gloves between her firm white teeth.

Mrs. Floyd considered this picture with grave disapproval, and turned back to her young cousin a face full of severe reproach.

"Jessie, I don't like this. It wasn't a nice thing for you to do at all, and I'm sure your mother would agree with me. Don't mix in any such matter. Let her own people attend to it."

Mary Brainard noticed this whispered passage, and suspected herself under comment. Her face, rather weakly pretty generally, was quite flushed and brilliant now, and she looked out from under her wide hat with the forced audacity that a lightly esteemed nature may sometimes assume, and afterwards, to everybody's surprise, may justify. She began to chat brightly with Ogden. Her gayety, however, was evidently but the spending momentum of some recent impact, and the bright defiance with which she glanced around the group was not more a surprise to them than to herself.

Jessie Bradley crossed over to the window, and found a third place on its wide sill. Walworth gathered the two ladies behind the shelter of his big desk, and the Minneapolis matter was resumed.

"No," said Jessie, as she settled down, "Mrs. D. Walworth Floyd don't know where the City Hall is." She was in a slightly nervous state, and she caught hold of the first piece of conversational drift-wood that came her way. "I ought to have asked her something easier—where La Salle Street was, for instance. I wonder if she knows she's on it now?"

"Well, Mr. Ogden is going to have a chance to learn all about La Salle Street," cried Mayme Brainard, with the air of one who dreads the slightest pause in the talk. "He's going into the bank, he tells me."

"That will do very well for six days in the week," declared the other. "How about the seventh?" she asked, with a twinkling directness. "Are you an Episcopalian, or what?"

"What, I fancy. Why, in Rome, I suppose, I shall do as the Romans do. For the forenoon there are the newspapers, of course. Then for the afternoon—the races, perhaps. In the evening—well, the theatre, I should say. That's about the plan at my house."

"Well, I've never been to the theatre Sunday evening, nor any of my people. And I don't believe that many nice people do go, either. Perhaps you think that there are not any nice people in Chicago; I've heard the remark made. Well, there are, I can tell you—just as nice as anywhere. I suppose you've noticed the way the papers here have of collecting all the mean, hateful things that the whole country says about us, and making a column out of them. I dare say they think it's funny. I don't know but what it is. There's my own father, now. He reads those things right after the market reports, and time and time again I've seen him laugh till he cried. Yet he isn't any fonder of a joke than anybody else. He says it's better to be abused and made fun of than not to be noticed at all. How does it strike you?"

She made a little *moue* as she recalled one or two of these national love-taps.

"And I must say it's awful, too, the sort of news that is sent out from here—excursions and alarums, and nothing else. During the anarchist time folks down East were a good deal more scared than we were. And I remember, when I was at school, I read in the Philadelphia papers that typhoid fever was raging in Chicago. They gave the death rate and everything. I came home as fast as I could. I expected to find the whole family dying. But *they* didn't know anything about it. And they took my pocket-money to pay the return fare. They were alive enough."

Ogden smiled. He saw that he was face to face with a true daughter of the West; she had never seen him before, and she might never see him again, yet she was talking to him with perfect friendliness and confidence. Equally, he was sure, was she a true daughter of Chicago; she had the one infallible local trait—she would rather talk to a stranger about her own town than about any other subject.

"I think we shall have to reform you," she went on presently, "in advance. I believe the proper place for you next Sunday would be St. Asaph's. But it is High, you understand. Come over; my cousin has room in her pew. There is a vested choir, and when you have heard Vibert's singing—"

She stopped, as if to appreciate her own daring, like a child lighting a match. Mary Brainard gave a little start, and put her hand on her friend's arm, yet at the same time she blushed slightly—less, perhaps, in panic than in pride.

"—you will learn what it is that brings Mayme Brainard all the way over from Union Park twice every Sunday," were the words with which this sentence was mentally concluded. "It's like an angel," she continued, aloud. "A certain kind of angel," she added to herself. "Do you sing?"

"Yes, a little."

"Then of course you play. But that don't count. Do you write? But everybody does that, too. I do; or did. I carried off a prize once. It kept me in flowers for a week. Well, what is it—dialect or psychological?"

"Business letters," answered Ogden, with a balking sobriety.

"Pshaw! Well, then, can you sketch, or can you do anything in water-colors? I did a lovely head of Desdemona once—in crayon. That was at Ogontz."

"Kodak," Ogden confessed, briefly. "Views along the wharves in Boston; some pretty bits from around Stockbridge."

"My own story was in Stockbridge! Our artist on the spot!" She clapped her hands together joyfully. "What else? Can you—cook?"

"No."

"Neither can I."

"Can you keep books?" he asked in turn.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I can."

"You take the odd trick. Wait a minute, though. How about private theatricals?" she asked.

"I have acted in them once or twice."

She looked aslant at Mary Brainard. The girl seemed glad that St. Asaph's had been dropped, but she was hoping, fearfully, that it might be taken up again.

"Well, Father Tisdale has everything just about perfect. He's from St. John the Evangelist—Boston, you know. And you ought to hear little Mike Besser. He's our butcher's boy—only eleven. Sometimes he and Russell Vibert"—the other girl vibrated at this first audacious mention of the full name—"sing duets together, and then—"

Her eyes rolled around the room in a mock ecstasy and rested on the group of elders, whose three heads just showed above the top of the desk. Walworth's face made quite a picture of discomfort and distress, as he rose from his chair with the effect of trying to shake himself loose from the complications that his wife and sister Ann were weaving about him.

"The whole building is full of them," he said, rather pettishly; "there are half a dozen on every floor. But *I* don't know anything about any of them."

He looked inquiringly towards the window-seat.

"Ogden might."

"How is that?" inquired the young fellow, rising.

"Some real-estate man. Mrs. Floyd's sister here has about concluded to cast in her lot with us. She wants an adviser. Perhaps you happen to know of—"

He took on the ingenuous air of one who is earnestly searching for information—in the least likely quarter.

Ogden laughed self-consciously.

"Well, now, as a matter of fact, I do. His name is McDowell. He is on the second floor above. I have a sort of personal interest in him. He will be my brother-in-law within a month or six weeks."

A slight flutter among the women—the mention of matrimony.

"Do you want to try that, Ann?" asked Floyd.

"We became acquainted with him down East, last year," Ogden went on, proud to show his newness wearing off. "He was working up a syndicate. He calls himself a hustler. He tells me he has just opened a new subdivision out south somewhere—beyond Washington Park, I believe. I think you'll find him posted."

Older people than Ogden frequently go out of their way to run cheerfully the risk of advising others in business matters.

"I believe I'll see him, anyway," decided Miss Wilde. Like all women, she embraced the personal element in every affair. The people in Minneapolis became mere myths, now that she found herself so near to the future husband of the sister of the man who had just presented a letter of introduction to her own brother-in-law. The chain was long, to be sure, and some of its links were rather weak—but it served.

Mrs. Floyd arose, shaking out the folds of her dress and smoothing out the wrinkles that the last half-hour had accumulated on her forehead.

"I have asked Mr. Ogden to go to church with us Sunday," Jessie Bradley announced to her. "And he is going to bring some Stockbridge photographs."

"First rate!" cried Walworth, relieved by any outcome whatever. "Stockbridge! Why, that's where I did my courting!"

Mrs. Floyd was caught in a melting mood.

"We shall be very happy to see Mr. Ogden," she pronounced, primly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

A MIRACLE sweet Love hath wrought!
  Not as your jugglers at the fair
Have done, when they have deftly caught
  Fresh roses from the wintry air.

Not so, my masters. Love hath done
  Something beyond man's ken. His skill
Exceeds the might of any one—
  All things are subject to his will.

What he hath done is this: A maid
  Passed by me (it seems yesterday),
And forthwith at her feet I laid
  My heart, and fervently did pray.

And then? Good sirs, would you believe
  This miracle? Most graciously
She then consented to receive
  The gift, and whispered *she loved me.*

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

TROTTING IN VIENNA.

THERE is no more picturesque race-course in Europe than that in the Prater at Vienna, on the lawn of which the Orient and the Occident find a congenial and attractive place of meeting. The variety of costume, as well as the beauty of the women, is almost bewildering. At a few feet distant from a princess bearing one of the grandest names that figure in the second portion of the Almanach de Gotha, and arrayed in an exquisitely dainty Parisian creation, one sees standing some fierce-looking Albanian with scarlet jacket embroidered with gold, voluminous white kilted petticoats, a tarbooshe on his head, and his gay and many-hued girdle bristling with pistols and knives. A little further on one catches a glimpse of some Hungarian peasant in top-boots, and embroidered blanket flung over his shoulder something after the fashion in which the Magyar magnates wear their ermine-lined and bejewelled mantles on great state occasions; near the rails an officer in the gray-blue, simple, and yet natty uniform of the Austrian cavalry; and close by, a gentleman whose tight nether garments, voluminous coat, and curly brimmed hat characterize him at once as a member of the sporting world. In the foreground a little boy, the son, possibly, of the great lady seated beneath the tree, and dressed, like so many of the children of the aristocracy, in that picturesque Styrian peasant costume which the emperor and the archdukes are so fond of wearing during their shooting expeditions. And then again another touch of the Orient is furnished by the appearance of officers and privates of the regiments raised in Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are Mohammedans by religion, and permitted, although enrolled in the imperial army, to retain their distinctive and picturesque national costume, which looks like a bit of Asia transplanted into Europe. It is to them, by-the-bye, that the Viennese are indebted for the popular ballet now running with such success at the Grand Opera. The ballet was composed by Finance Minister von Kallay, who found time during his term of office as administrator of the Oriental provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia to compose a ballet in which the principal feature was the "kola," or national dance of the Bosnians. When the ballet was placed on the stage at Vienna, no one was found who could show the step, until finally the Minister of Finance bethought himself of the Bosnian regiment on duty at the palace gates. And, accordingly, a company of the regiment was detailed for an entire week to act as dancing-masters to the fair coryphées of the Viennese corps de ballet. The final touch to the picture is lent by the typically Western appearance of the American sulkies and trotters, which are just on the point of starting. American trotting matches have become quite a popular feature at Vienna, and this particular form of sport finds almost as enthusiastic and numerous votaries on the banks of the Blue Danube as in the United States.

EX-DIPLOMAT.

JUNE.

The odor of the new-mown hay;
The songs of bees and birds at play;

The cooling ripple of the brooks,
As through the shaded mountain nooks

They dash, in silvery brightness, down
Past solitudes, through vale and town,

To reach at last the swelling streams,
The haven of their daily dreams;

The blossoms ripening on the tree;
The seeming softness of the sea;

The grasses nodding to the breeze,
In tune to elf-born harmonies—

These are the signs of Nature's noon,
The blissful tokens of sweet June!

Roger Camerden.

OUR WORLD'S FAIR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Two buildings could not well present a greater contrast than is shown, alike on the Columbian Exposition grounds and in our illustrations, by the log cabin of the Boone and Crockett Club and the white palace for the mining display. The log cabin represents an actuality in this country even to-day, but so does the colossal and beautiful triumph of skill in architecture which forms one of the group of palaces at the World's Fair. The modest hut of logs represents that humble beginning which in this country may easily lead to the fruition that the other stands for, and if we look no farther away than Chicago itself we will find palatial buildings in plenty on ground that supported log cabins only a little more than forty years ago. To extend the same illustration, the reader needs but to look at the picture of the Missouri State Building, the headquarters for the people of a State still farther West than that in which the great fair is held. Who would have dared to predict forty years ago that Missouri would be properly and fittingly represented by a building so distant, in what it stands for, from the pioneer's cabin in the other picture?

Missouri makes a brave showing in many of the principal departments at Jackson Park. She was one of the States which early and generously arranged for a proper representation at the fair, as if too shrewd, if not too proud, to remember the rivalry and the disappointment of the time when St. Louis struggled for the honor of being chosen "the exposition city." New blood and quick enterprise stir the whole people of that State, and no one can spend a day at the exposition without remarking it.

The Mining Building reflects the skill of Mr. S. S. Beman, the architect, of Chicago. The illustration showing its façade is eloquent in its praise of his work. The exhibition within it is one of the most forward of the many great collections at the fair. It is popularly called a mining exhibit, but it is in reality an exposition of metallurgy as well. Its completeness, as well as its forwardness when the fair was opened, speaks highly for the judgment that led to the appointment of Mr. Frederick J. V. Skiff to preside over this department. The taste and ingenuity that have been displayed in arranging the stubborn and often prosaic materials astonish all who visit this very interesting bit of the great show.

The Peacock Palace, part of the Japanese exhibit on the Wooded Island, should be regarded merely as a hint or a taste of the work of these ingenious Orientals. The Wooded Island over which they preside is one of the choice features of the exposition. Whether one stops to admire their floral display, or to marvel at the stunted trees of which they are so proud, or only to look at them at work at a dozen callings on their buildings and grounds, in quaint and pretty garments, each study is antipodean and delightful.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELDS.

The days of the old college play-ground have passed away with the advent of modern appliances in gymnasia and the higher development of the different games. In the days, not so long ago, when some of us were striving to uphold the athletic glory of our *alma mater*, we thought we were in great luck if we had the most commonplace frame shanty to go into while we put on our baseball or football clothes. We did not have any rubbers in those days. If there were lame muscles or sore shins we did our own rubbing, and whatever there was of restriction in diet was entirely voluntary. To-day nothing is too good for the college athlete. He travels in private cars, he has training-tables where the best in the land is provided bounteously, and all his aches and pains are ministered to by physicians and trainers. And it is quite right that it should be so, too. Really nothing *is* too good for the college athlete. He is a magnificent embodiment of physical and moral health. Not that I would claim every athlete to be a paragon of righteousness, but to be a successful athlete a boy must live a clean wholesome life, for it is certain he cannot dissipate if he would represent his college on any one of its teams. What athletics have done for the moral welfare of the college boys no one that has not looked into the matter thoroughly can begin to appreciate—but then that is another story. With the higher development of the athlete have come the more elaborate athletic fields. Every college of any note to-day has its athletic field, and its gymnasium, and its club-house, and its training-table, and in most instances its baseball-cage; but the colleges whose grounds are here represented are taken because they are the most elaborate, and represent the largest outlay of money.

Princeton has been more fortunate in gifts from *alumni* in this direction than any other of the colleges. Its grounds comprise about fifteen acres, and the athletic-field club-house represented here is probably the most complete of its kind. It cost in the neighborhood of $5000, and was built on the money earned by the different college athletic associations. Aside from this, Princeton has the University Athletic Club-house, which is about a $12,000 building, donated by Professor Henry F. Osborn, and where there is a reading-room and the training-table for the members of the different 'varsity teams. Still further is Princeton favored in the Brokaw Building and Field, which are nearing completion. The building itself is chiefly devoted to a swimming-tank, and the field is to be a general play-ground for the students at large. The Princeton field has a one-third-of-a-mile running-track, and its grand stand will hold about eight hundred, although plans are already drawn to enlarge it to double its capacity.

Harvard probably comes next in order, in having its two fields—Holmes, where there is a quarter-mile running-track and a baseball diamond; and Jarvis, on which the football games of the season are contested. The Cary building, which stands between the two, is very complete. It has a baseball-cage and rowing-tank, a handball-court, and bathing facilities of the most modern description. Besides this, Harvard has the Soldier's Field, where the football team does a great deal of its practising at the end of the season.

Yale's athletic field-house represents a cost of over $5000, and is not excelled in its bathing appliances and other arrangements by any of the other colleges. The house was built from money donated by the football association. The grand stand has a seating capacity of a thousand, and there is a quarter-mile track on the field.

The Columbia grounds, which have been recently acquired, have about twenty acres, ten of which are enclosed and improved to the extent of a quarter-mile track and a very well kept in-field. The grand stand has a seating capacity of about a thousand; and a farm-house, altered to suit the requirements of the athletes, represents the field athletic-house.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL EPISODE.

The Great Northern Railroad was completed a few weeks ago from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast, the far-western terminus being on Puget Sound. This new route across the continent has been the result of the untiring efforts of the present president of the road, Mr. J. J. Hill. The road has been built in a somewhat unusual style, not a cent of governmental aid having been provided. Mr. Hill is an unassuming man, possessed of a large and accurate knowledge for the solving of the problems of finance as well as those of railroading. He is a liberal patron of the arts, and in his palatial home in St. Paul, on one of the most beautiful avenues in America, he has a rare collection of paintings. He is liberal in his gifts, public and private, and stands always for what is highest in citizenship.

The citizens of St. Paul determined some time ago to celebrate the completion of this road in a fitting manner. Committees were appointed and ample funds provided for the building of arches, street decorations, and the like.

These decorations are on a very elaborate scale. Bunting is lavishly displayed, and all sorts of designs indicative of the commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural progress of the Northwest are conspicuous features of the occasion. The arches erected at prominent points are of large size, fine architecture, and much æsthetic excellence. They are covered with some material similar to the staff in use at the World's Fair, and the bright bannerets, the delicate but distinctive festooning, and the vivid emerald of palm and evergreen upon pillar and arch and lofty colonnade relieve and accentuate the prevailing snowy whiteness.

Thousands of dollars were spent in the building of these arches, and some of the representative architects of the Northwest, among them Mr. Cass Gilbert, Mr. Johnson, and Messrs. Reed & Stem, devoted much time to the elaboration of plans and the erection of these beautiful testimonials to the dignity of the occasion.

The floats made for use in the great parade are strikingly beautiful illustrations of the growth of the city of St. Paul and this magnificent section of America. Epochs in the life of the Northwest are adequately portrayed. The Indians, the voyageurs of the days of overland fur-trading to St. Paul, the primitive carts of the valley of the Red River of the North, the stage-coaches of the pioneerish days, the later "prairie schooners," those white craft which sailed so many voyages to the distant plains, the steamboats, and last, the steam-cars—all are represented in the typical floats and other incidents of the parade. All manner of commercial floats are to be seen, while those of a municipal nature occupy a prominent place.

An interesting feature of the occasion will be a public reception to Mr. Hill in an immense auditorium which had been erected for the use of a local religious revival.

W. S. Harwood.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is reported that the butter secret has been discovered. Dr. Vaughn is the man who is credited with having found it, and it is regarded in scientific circles as perhaps the greatest of his discoveries. The thing that he is represented to have got at is the alkaloid which, being created in milk or cream by churning, produces butter. Dr. Vaughn, it seems, takes a can of fresh milk, drops in some alkaloid, and presently dips out the fully developed butter without further ado. It is not oleomargarine, or any illegal-unless-labelled substitute, but real butter.

Here is another step taken toward the millennial period when man will press the button and Nature will do all the rest. Dr. Vaughn does away with the churns; the next innovator may be expected to abolish cows. Give him a pail of rain-water, and he juggles something into it, and you get back real milk. Then an ounce or two of alkaloid, and lo, butter! and all the milkmen and dairymaids are in search of new employment.

There is something disconcerting about these discoveries, for all their usefulness. Where are they going to stop? and what is to become of the working-people when all the work does itself? Next we may hear that some meddling investigator has discovered the secret of literary style, so that by the adjustment of a simple appliance to a printing-press, raw facts may be fed in at one end, and literature cut off at the other in lengths and of qualities to suit the market. That is a more terrifying possibility than even that all the Harvard undergraduates should become proficient writers. It remains for mankind to hope that when it ceases to be possible for the multitude to make a living on Earth, the secret of living without food may come out, or the perfection of flying-machines, or something, may provide means of emigration to other spheres.

Considering the interesting question of what it costs to spend a day at the fair, the Chicago *News* puts the outlay somewhere between ninety cents and ten dollars. For the lesser sum one can get from the city to the grounds and back, pay admission, and buy lunch enough to support life. Once in, he can see all there is except the side shows—vastly more, that is, than he can possibly look at in a day. For the larger sum he can ride to the fair on a tally-ho coach, keep a rolling-chair all day, ride in gondolas, view the Plaisance shows, eat too much luncheon, and squander $1 75 on "sundries." The *News* declares, however, that there is so much to see that the admission fee covers, that it requires some diligence for an ordinary person to spend more than $2 a day. The itemized disbursements of one man who spent $14 in six days are put in evidence as an example of reasonable expenditure.

One great work the fair is pretty sure to accomplish before it is over is the determination of contemporaneous American sentiment on the Sunday question. That question never had such a sifting as it got last month. It was weighed, scrutinized, and disputed from every point of view. The practical side of it is whether the fair can make more money by keeping open on Sunday or not. Among the costs of Sunday opening are the two millions to be paid back to the government, and the losses from boycotting Sabbatarians. If the experiment is made it will take until October to determine the result, but it will be an interesting experiment.

The author of a poem entitled "Boston, 1893," to which an allusion was made in Harper's Weekly a month ago, is James Riley, of Boston, and not James Whitcomb Riley, of Indianapolis.

It is fairly questionable whether the London *Times* achieved even a reasonable measure of felicitous expression when it described the bestowal of the hand of the Duke of York upon the Princess May as "the most appropriate and delicate medicament for a wound in its nature never wholly effaceable." It seems a little rough for a blooming prince like Duke George to be characterized as a "medicament," but then princes are toughened early in life by the publicity of their situations, and get over those little shivers that go with thin skins.

Mr. Andrew Lang is talked of as candidate for the Chalmers Chair of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen. Unquestionably Mr. Lang would make a lively and edifying professor. What he does not know about English literature may possibly be worth knowing, but it is not within the reach of the undergraduates of a Scotch university. Mr. Lang would have the advantage of some possible professors in being able to give his classes practical instruction in the composition of all known varieties of English literature. He could do them an ode, or an essay, or an epic, or a ballade while their eyes were actually on him, much as Mrs. Rorer composes a pudding or roasts a joint in the presence of her class. And Mr. Lang's classes could taste his product at the close of the lecture hour, just as Mrs. Rorer's classes taste hers, thereby attaining practical discrimination and the ability to know literature when they saw it.

Is any abatement of the traditional jealousy between Celt and Saxon to be argued from the fact that the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Brooklyn lately had a dinner at the Hotel St. George?

The Geary family, of Santa Rosa, California, can hardly hope for an outburst of public sympathy for them in the loss of their Chinese cook. It is hard that the official sins of a Congressman should be visited on his wife, but the affecting tale of Mrs. Geary's discomforts is more likely to excite merriment than commiseration. If California insists that the Chinese must go, it must be that the Chinese are not indispensable to Californian comfort. There was a story about a man who rebelled with such persistence against his mother-in-law that that lady finally abandoned him and set up an establishment of her own. But after a three-months' experience of trial and tribulation he arranged to rent his house and go with his family to board with her.

So far as the Eastern mind can compass the situation in California it is not possible to live in any comfort on the Pacific coast without Chinese, and when the Chinese have all gone home there will be nothing for the well-to-do Californians to do but to pack up and follow them.

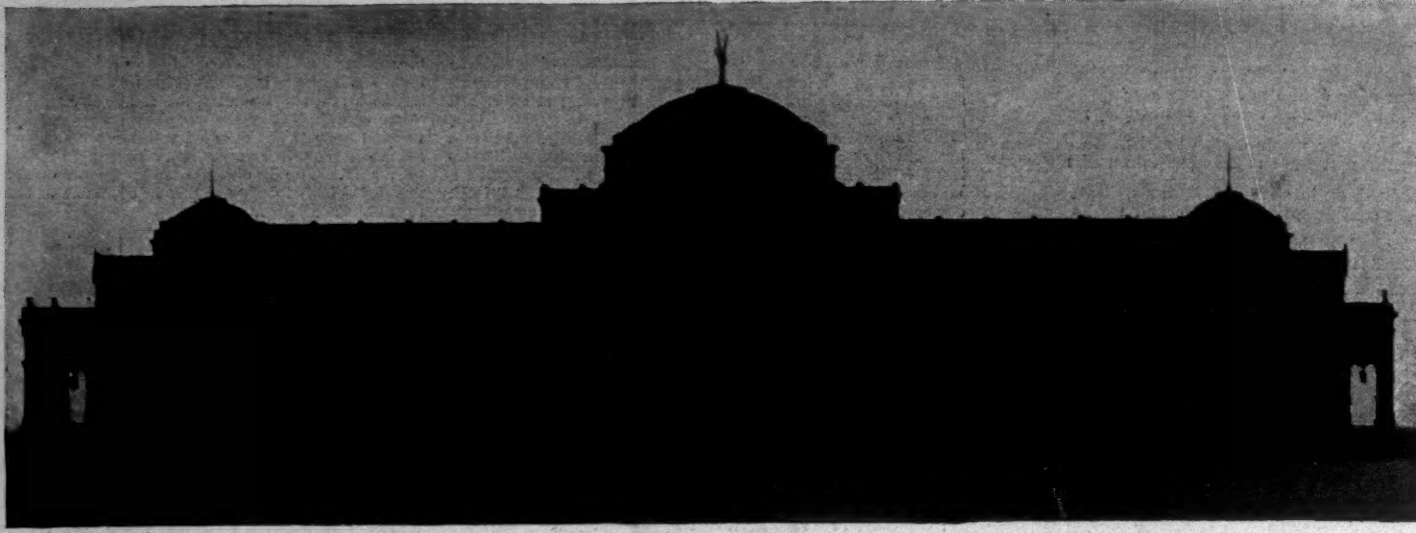
But perhaps the Eastern mind has an exaggerated conception of the indispensableness of Chinese labor.

If the American missionaries are thrown out of China in retaliation for the Geary law, it is to be hoped that the American Board will arrange to maintain them all for a time in the Pacific States. There seems to be a great opportunity there for missionary effort. Governor Pennoyer of Oregon in himself presents a vast field for devoted labor, and it would not seem extravagant if the board should assign one earnest family to his case alone. Missionaries who have lived long in China may be expected to know more about the Chinese than even the Californians do. If they tackled the Californians, one of two things might be expected to happen. Either they would convert the Californians to better sentiments about the Chinese, or the Californians would convince them that their anti-Chinese persuasions are justified. In the latter case the missionaries could be brought East to correct the views of our part of the country, since it is important that whatever are the right views about the Chinese the whole country should hold them. To have one section of the land maintain views of cheap labor which all the reformers in the rest of the country denounce is a state of things of which the United States has already had all the experience it wants.

If Dr. Conan Doyle could induce his ingenious friend Sherlock Holmes to apply his mind to the solution of the Palliser-Roehl mystery he would oblige some millions of American friends, and secure an unequalled audience for the resulting story. The further one progresses into the Palliser-Roehl literature the further he finds himself from a satisfactory arrangement of the facts. That the two men were killed on shore and then concealed in the river by some friendly hand is the reasonable, apparent conclusion, which it would be the first duty of the astute Holmes to upset.

There seems to be a discrepancy of apprehension between the Navy Department and the navy as to what constitutes expeditious obedience of orders to go to sea. It is a most vexatious discrepancy to have at large, and it is earnestly hoped that the inquest on it which has been ordered will result in its permanent abatement. Meanwhile it would seem to be part of prudence for commanders, when they come ashore, to fill their ulster pockets with coal, so that wherever their summons catches them they can clutch the indispensable garment and run for it.

E. S. Martin.



THE PROPOSED MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES IN BROOKLYN.—McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.

A NEW ART BUILDING.

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences have decided upon a choice of plans for their new museum which will furnish a home for the various departments of the institute in the near future. The plans selected were those of the well-known architects McKim, Mead, & White, which were submitted in competition with those of four other firms of celebrated architects. The selection was made by a jury composed of Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia College, Mr. Robert S. Peabody, of Boston, and George L. Morse, a Brooklyn architect.

The new building for the Museum of Arts and Sciences of the Brooklyn Institute will occupy a site about 575 feet wide by 640 feet long, east of the Prospect Hill Reservoir lands and fronting on the Eastern Parkway. As there will be no other buildings on the block, the museum will receive light from all sides.

The accepted plan is of classic design, embellished with features from the Italian Renaissance. It will resemble in many features and in general *ensemble* the beautiful new Palace of Justice in Brussels, Belgium. The pillars, which form such a prominent feature in the design of all classic buildings, will be after the Ionic order. The whole design, while simple in detail, is harmonious in its rendering, and will form a most imposing and grand structure when carried to completion. The building will be three stories high, the main axes of the structure, which will occupy the four cardinal points of the compass, however, being carried up one story higher. The whole will be surmounted by a flattened dome, upon the lantern of which will be mounted a winged figure representing Science and Art.

In close proximity to the main museum building, and connected with it, will be the second building, which will be used as an astronomical department, laboratory, and other purposes. This will be located on Washington Avenue, and will be connected with the main building by a covered arcade.

The main building will have a grand entrance through a beautiful Ionic porch fronting on the Eastern Parkway. Under the dome will be a grand hall for the exhibition of architectural models and specimens representing the history of architecture. The building will likewise contain a large lecture hall, five smaller lecture rooms, roomy halls and corridors and galleries adapted to the display of works of science, natural history, and art. Besides, there will be rooms for the several working departments of the institute and the great reference library. There will also be a large memorial hall, with a stage, for entertainments, and which will contain a grand organ of sixty stops.

The outer walls will be built of light-colored stone, while the interior, floors, partitions, and court façades will be of glazed brick, tile, and concrete, while the aisles will be paved with random mosaic. The building will be strictly fire-proof, and will contain all the modern appliances. It is estimated that the entire cost will reach $2,000,000.

The whole building will not be erected at once, but only a portion. The trustees have city bonds at their disposal which will net $300,000, which will be used for this purpose. When the structure is completed it will be one of the finest on this continent.

Henry Balch Ingram.

AMATEVR - SPORT

(This paper went to press May 26th.)

To those who are interested in polo in this country it is a considerable disappointment to look over the revised handicaps published recently by the Association. We have been playing polo now more or less seventeen years, and while the clubs have increased and the membership of the Association has enlarged in a very encouraging manner, the standard of play seems to have stood about so after its first advance. Probably one cause of this may be found in the fact that the most active polo-players are men of means and more or less leisure, and their absorption of the game has to a very large extent driven out, or rather kept out, a class of players who would naturally have developed had they been encouraged. In almost every other game there is an active competition among members of clubs which of itself is constantly developing new material, but in polo the usual state of affairs has been reversed, and instead of encouraging what are known as second-grade men, it seems to have been the policy to discourage them. Long ago it was stated in this department, and in so doing we only voiced the sentiment of those who are most alive to the interests of polo, that the second-class men should have more consideration than they are receiving. Of course in commenting on the condition of polo it must always be taken into consideration that the majority of the men who play the game do so for their own pleasure and recreation, and while in the abstract they are probably interested in its success, at the same time they have not that interest in its development that is incidental to all other games. If four or six years ago, when polo was getting under way nicely, there had been a schedule on a different basis made up by the Association, and a series of matches arranged annually between second-class teams, we should have seen by this time a very much larger number of men with something besides a 0 in their handicap column. The failure to develop second-class or "scrub" teams has in most all localities worked much to the detriment of the first teams.

No better instance can be cited than the team of the Philadelphia Country Club, which has only four men who are handicapped at all, and the highest of these only two goals. If Philadelphia had a good second-class team to play against its first team it would sharpen up their playing, and not only put them in the position to make a better showing against the other clubs in the match for the Association Cups, but would give them material to draw on in the future. This is a point that seems to be lost entirely to the sight of polo-players. Evidently, judging by the present procedure, they fancy the half-dozen or so of crack players are to be with them always. Last year, in a dozen different matches, the wisdom of having good substitutes was shown, for some of the teams, by the absence of a crack here or there, made very inferior exhibitions. Following out the criticism that has been made herewith, it will be interesting to look over the figures of handicaps and members of the last four years. To begin with, the increase in actual members of the Association, though small, has been steady. In 1890 the Association had 100 members; in 1891, 142; in 1892, 161; in 1893, 180—making a total increase in four years of 80 members, and this includes the addition this year of the Country Club of St. Louis Team, which has 14 members.

Digressing here for a few lines, it is ridiculous that a game with such possibilities of development, that calls for the exercising of brain and muscle at one and the same time, should have in these four years gained only eighty additional players. The pet argument of those who are not as well posted as they might be on this subject is the expense of the game, but this is really a fallacy. Of course it is not so cheap to individuals as baseball or football, but that it requires the immense outlay popularly believed is not true.

To be sure, if the men can afford a stable of anywhere from four to six ponies, it is very pleasing, but they are not necessary; and in making this statement the entire country is taken into consideration. Here in the East, or more particularly round about New York city, where the best players of the country are congregated, and the games are fast and hard, it requires in the championships several ponies of the very best timber. In these events a man is handicapped if his horseflesh is not of the very best quality. But nothing of this sort is required outside of this vicinity, and it seems as though there must be something lacking in the proper nourishing of the game when it is considered that with all its advantages there are but three polo clubs outside of the Eastern circuit—the one in St. Louis, one in Colorado Springs, and one in southern California. It would not be feasible nor desirable for the Association to attempt to swell its membership roll in the Western country, since inter-club matches would be impracticable, but it is entirely possible and desirable that its influence should be felt through the country, and its encouragement of the game lead to its being taken up by dozens of men who to-day simply want the incentive.

The Rockaway Club in 1890 had 15 members, and their gross handicap amounted to 28 goals. In 1891 its membership was 16, and the handicap 52 goals. In 1892 the membership had risen to 20, but the handicap had dropped to 48; and this year the membership is 21, and the goals 53.

The Meadowbrook Club in 1890 had 14 members, and 16 goals were charged against them. In 1891, 15 members and 42 goals; 1892, 21 members and 48 goals; 1893, 22 members and 46 goals.

The Country Club of Westchester in 1890 had 14 members and 14 goals; 1891, 15 members and 24 goals; 1892, 18 members and 37 goals; and this year, 17 members and 34 goals.

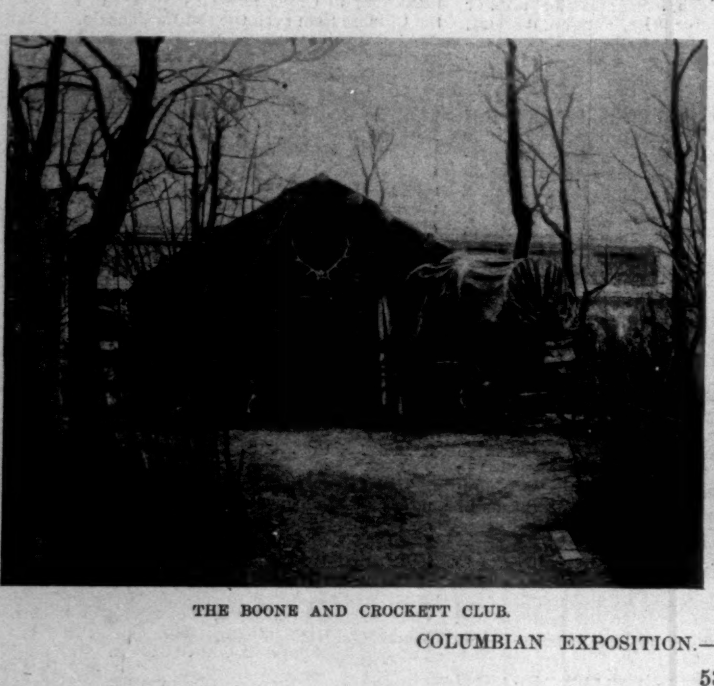
The Morris County Country Club in 1890 had 8 members and 5 goals; 1891, 8 members and 17 goals; 1892, 8 members and 15 goals; 1893, 9 members and 11 goals.

The Essex County Country Club in 1890 had 11 members and 12 goals; 1891, 10 members and 18 goals; 1892, 11 members and 20 goals; 1893, 10 members and 21 goals.

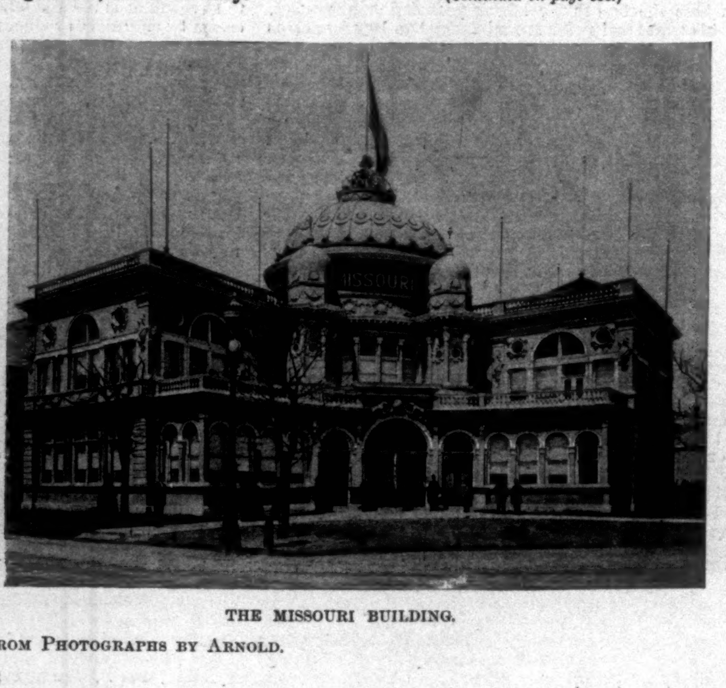
The Myopia Club made its first appearance on the polo field in 1891, and in that year it had 16 members and 25 goals, being fortunate enough to start off with several well-known polo-players who had been with other clubs. In 1892 it had 14 members and 20 goals, and this year it has 13 members and 20 goals.

The Harvard Club in 1891, its first year, had 8 members

(Continued on page 538.)



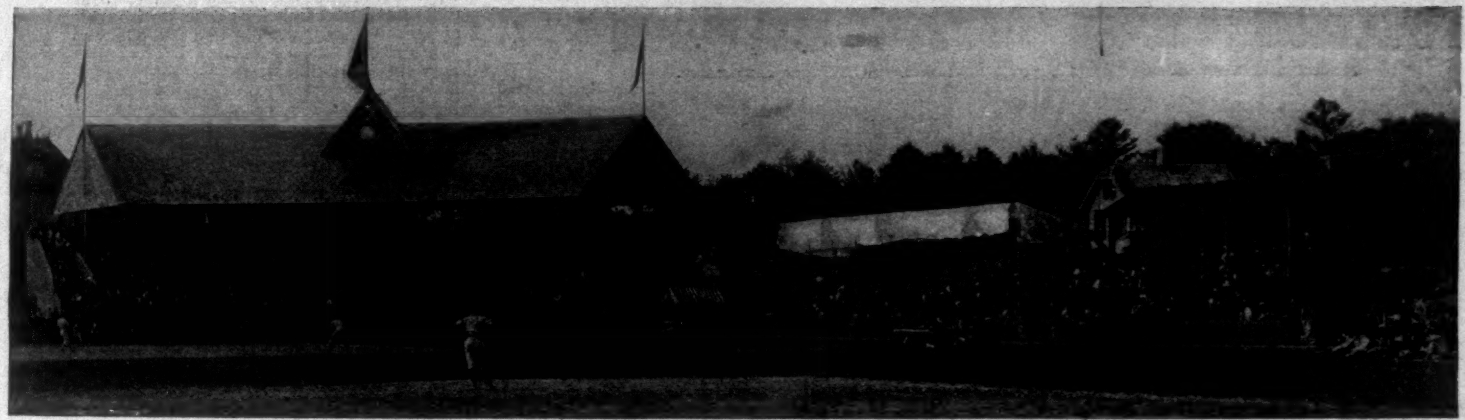
THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.



THE MISSOURI BUILDING.

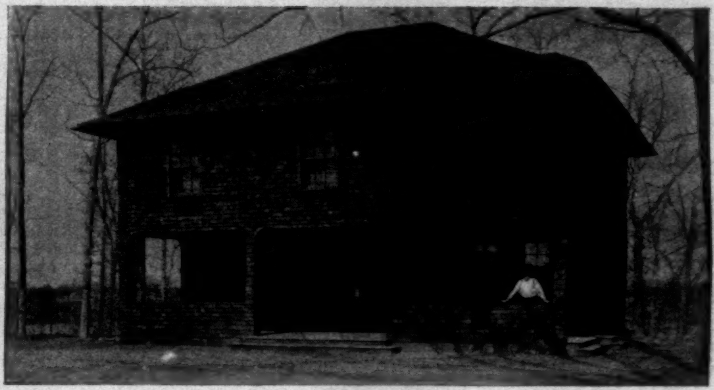
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—From Photographs by Arnold.

YALE'S FIELD.



PRINCETON'S FIELD.

PRINCETON'S FIELD-HOUSE.



YALE'S FIELD-HOUSE.

HARVARD'S HOLMES FIELD AND CARY BUILDING.

COLUMBIA'S FIELD.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELDS.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 531.]

EXTRA! EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

ILLUSTRATING THE AWFUL CALAMITY

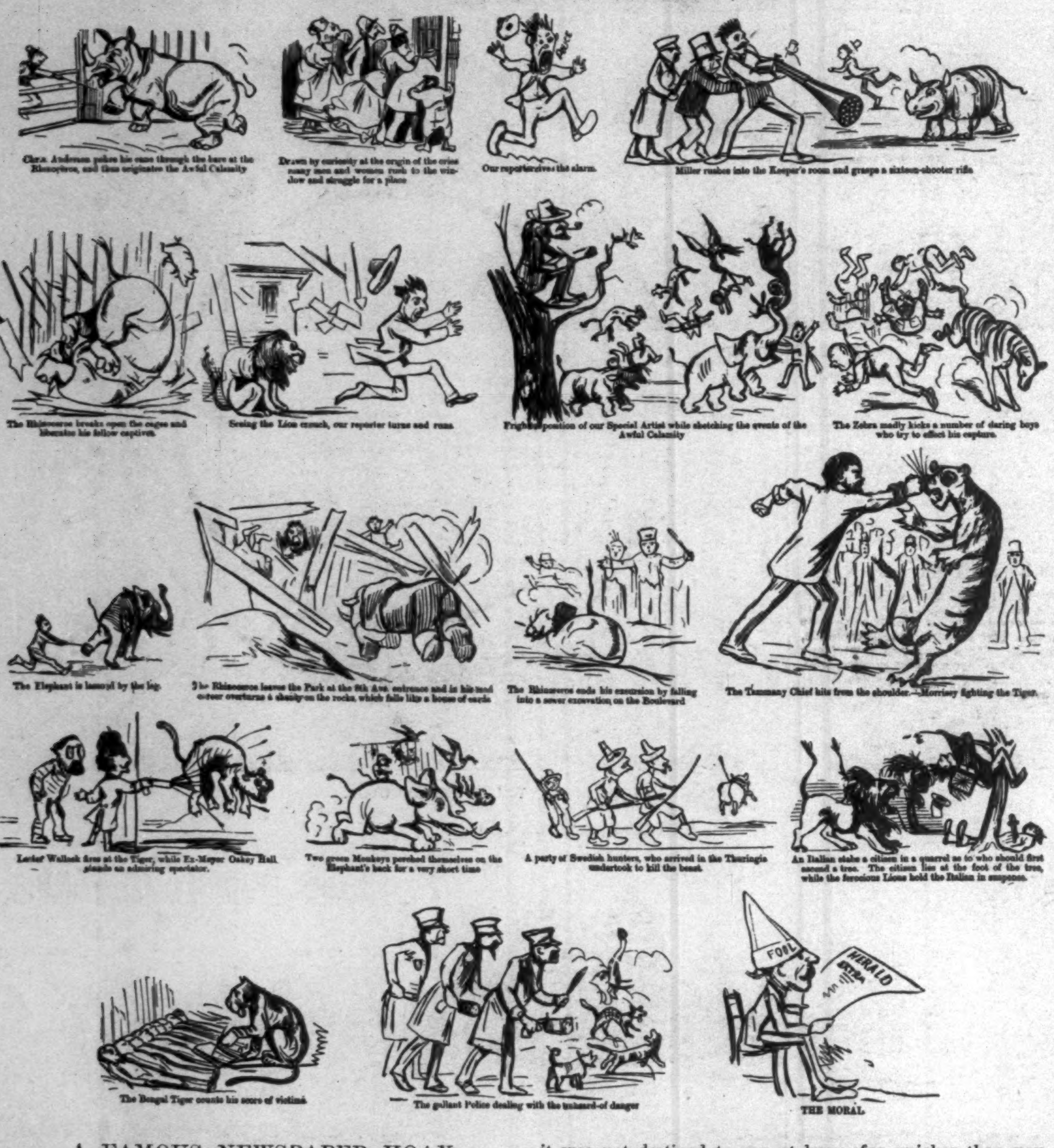
DESCRIBED IN THE

NEW YORK HERALD.

THE WILD ANIMALS BROKEN LOOSE FROM CENTRAL PARK!!

Terrible Scenes of Mutilation!!

SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE!!!



Chris. Anderson pokes his cane through the bars at the Rhinoceros, and thus originates the Awful Calamity

Drawn by curiosity at the origin of the cries many men and women rush to the window and struggle for a place

Our reporter gives the alarm.

Miller rushes into the Keeper's room and grasps a sixteen-shooter rifle

The Rhinoceros breaks open the cages and liberates his fellow captives.

Seeing the Lion crouch, our reporter turns and runs.

Frightful position of our Special Artist while sketching the events of the Awful Calamity

The Zebra madly kicks a number of daring boys who try to effect his capture.

The Elephant is lassoed by the leg.

The Rhinoceros leaves the Park at the 8th Ave. entrance and in his mad career overturns a shanty on the rocks, which falls like a house of cards

The Rhinoceros ends his excursion by falling into a sewer excavation on the Boulevard

The Tammany Chief hits from the shoulder.—Morrisey fighting the Tiger.

Lester Wallack fires at the Tiger, while Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall stands an admiring spectator.

Two green Monkeys perched themselves on the Elephant's back for a very short time

A party of Swedish hunters, who arrived in the Thuringia undertook to kill the beast.

An Italian stabs a citizen in a quarrel as to who should first ascend a tree. The citizen lies at the foot of the tree, while the ferocious Lions hold the Italian in suspense.

The Bengal Tiger counts his score of victims.

The gallant Police dealing with the unheard-of danger

THE MORAL.

A FAMOUS NEWSPAPER HOAX.

BY T. B. CONNERY.

From time to time I have seen allusions here and there in the newspapers of the country to the famous wild-beast hoax of the New York *Herald*, and lately in the *Journalist* there was something said about certain people supposed to have invented and written it, which prompts me to prepare a true history of the extraordinary imposition, which one writer has pronounced "the most successful and beastly since the memorable moon hoax in the early days of the New York *Sun*."

As I was to some extent connected with the hoax, I may be pardoned for saying that I am qualified to give its veracious history, which has never been published, and *quorum pars magna fui;* for unfortunately, in its worse sense, I was the originator of it, though, in self-justification I can add, with no intention of really palming off a gigantic hoax on the public. My object was entirely good—to warn the public and the authorities of an impending danger. I was the worst-sold person myself in the United States by my own idea.

While I was still in charge of the *Herald*, and before the elevated railroad was running, I had the habit of walking through the Park every morning on my way down to business. Nearly always I took in the menagerie, finding great amusement in watching the habits of the animals, about whose cages there was always assembled a crowd of delighted little children and their nurses. One day I reached the spot just as the attendants were about to transfer a leopard from an animal-carriage to a cage, and I stopped to watch a proceeding I had never until then beheld. Through carelessness, I suppose, the operation was bungled, and, to my horror, I saw the animal slip between carriage and cage. I stood rooted to the spot, expecting that the next move would be a spring for freedom by the leopard. There were hundreds of people all about, and that leopard, if so minded, would have had no trouble about a fine morning meal. But it was not destined to run at large, for quicker than you could count a hundred the beast was covered by the long iron rods in the hands of attendants and driven into its cage, with the door securely fastened. But the incident, as may well be imagined, made a deep impression upon me. The possible results from a future possible accident, the carnage among the innocents, the consternation of the whole city over the unexpected appearance of Mr. Leopard here, there, and everywhere about the town, rose before my imagination, and by the time I reached corner of Ann Street and Broadway my mind was full of it. My first impulse was to call public attention to the accident and to give the menagerie men a sound scolding through the columns of the American Thunderer; but I thought better of it. What would be the use of a little scolding and a few warnings? The menagerie men would only be a little more careful for a while, and then relapse into their old habits, if carelessness was really one of their habits, of which I did not know. The public would soon forget all about it, and nurses and children would continue to go to the menagerie as of old, on the theory that lightning never strikes the same place twice. So I resolved to think over some other plan than an ordinary beware to the public and the every-day scolding to officials.

That night in bed the idea came to me—get up a harmless little hoax, with just enough semblance of reality to give a salutary warning. That was what occurred to me, and the idea grew fast and furious, especially the fun of it, and I jotted down quickly the headings of my hoax to give to one of the reporters to develop and embellish. I became enamored of my idea—a very dangerous thing, for when one allows one's self to be thus carried away, one is apt to see only that side of the idea that tickles his fancy. It was precisely what happened to me. I saw only the laugh which the publication of such a tremendous hoax would produce. To my shame be it confessed, I was utterly blind to the serious side of the hoax. And here it is proper to exonerate the present Mr. Bennett from any share in what the New York *Times* called, not undeservedly perhaps, "the infamous hoax," though its tremendous leader on the subject was certainly rather hysterical, owing perhaps to the desire of the then editor—"A Member of Parliament"—to do as much damage as possible to its more prosperous and enterprising rival, the *Herald*.

Among the writers of the *Herald* at the time were two very brilliant young men, Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke and Mr. Harry O'Connor, gifted with very vivid imaginations. O'Connor (now dead, poor fellow) had distinguished himself by many bright humorous articles which attracted the attention of the country. Him I selected first to work up my wild-beast hoax; but when he brought his copy I found he had begun it in a way that stamped it as a transparent imposition in the very first paragraphs. I then committed the task to Mr. Clarke, and in a few days he had elaborated the little skeleton of a plan I gave him into the full page of ghastly and lifelike pictures as it was finally published in the *Herald*. If there is any credit due to the writer of "the most successful and beastly since the memorable moon hoax," it belongs to genial Joe Clarke.

It would be out of place in an article like this to reproduce the famous hoax *in extenso*. I will only briefly sketch what it contained sufficiently to enable readers of to-day to understand the comic illustrations with which this article is accompanied. It began by describing how a reckless keeper, Chris. Anderson, provoked the rhinoceros by prodding him; how the animal burst from its fastenings and killed the keeper; how next the infuriated beast killed another daring keeper called Hyland, and broke down the bars of all the cages, liberating Lincoln the Numidian lion, the elephant Pete, the Bengal tigers, the lionesses, panthers, bears, leopards, hyenas, wolves, and serpents, while a battle royal among the fierce animals raged on the floors of the menagerie. A crowd of curious people, fascinated by the gory spectacle, gazed through the windows, and among them "our own reporter," who gave the first alarm to the sleepy Park police in the old arsenal, and then rushed back to take full notes, just in time to behold Lincoln the Numidian lion burst through a window of the menagerie and begin his bloody work by killing one young man with a blow of his paw, and crushing the life out of another by the weight of his body. One after another the animals leaped from the menagerie, and scattered themselves over the city, killing or mutilating beasts, men, and women all over town. General Dix was extolled for shooting the leopard "on the spot," Lester Wallack for putting a bullet in one of the tigers, with Mayor Hall looking on close behind; John Morrissey, a famous pugilist, gambler, and politician in those days, for "fighting the tiger," delivering a deadly blow from the right shoulder. Nearly every prominent man of the day figured some way or other in the deadly scenes described with harrowing minuteness. Consternation and death were on a ferry-boat, from which people jumped into the river to escape the brutish fangs; even a church was invaded while people were attending divine service, and one of the wild beasts made a meal of a worshipper.

From the heading of the six-column article I take the following lines, given here in smaller type than the original:

AWFUL CALAMITY.

The Wild Animals Broken Loose from Central Park.

TERRIBLE SCENES OF MUTILATION.

A Shocking Sabbath Carnival.

SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE.

Awful Combats between the Beasts and Citizens.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

General Duryee's Magnificent Police Tactics.

BRAVERY AND PANIC.

How the Catastrophe was Brought About.—Affrighting Incidents.

PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

Governor Dix Shoots the Bengal Tiger in the Streets.

CONSTERNATION IN THE CITY.

The New York *Times*, in its comments, remarked: "Such an incident was not altogether unlikely to happen, for the animals in the Central Park are confined in the flimsiest cages ever seen, and many a mother has cautioned her nurse not to take the children near the wild beasts. When, therefore, the startling head-lines of the *Herald* were read, natural alarm was felt in every household. In some cases the children had just gone to school, and without waiting to read through the six columns of this insane jest, parents rushed off to bring back their little ones. Some cases of this kind are described in our columns to-day. Ladies took alarm at the mere head-lines; and, indeed, throughout three or four columns the narrative is told in an apparently serious vein.... And for three or four columns, as we have said, the 'joke' was carefully hidden. The writer in the *Herald* spoke of 'the mutilated body of Annie Thomas, an unfortunate serving-girl,' and of a lion which seized four little children, and 'mangled the delicate little things past all signs of recognition.... I saw the dead bodies of Anderson and Hyland' (two of the Park keepers), 'the panther crouched over Hyland's body, gnawing horribly at his head.' These pictures of the mangled young children and of the dead keepers are irresistibly funny, and cannot fail to make our readers laugh. Still more amusing are the accounts of a lion which was 'tugging and crunching at the arms of a corpse, now letting go with his teeth to plant his paws upon the bleeding remains and snap with his dripping jaws at another beast'; of a leopard which 'killed a little child and mutilated several women'; of the deaths of Annie Thomas and Ellen Schubert; of a 'child in a cradle which was burnt to a crisp'; of 'the African lioness which saturated herself in the blood of eighteen victims, men, women, and children'; of the 'dead body of a youth fearfully disfigured about the head and face'; and of the panther which 'sprang upon the shoulders of an aged lady, burying its fangs in her neck.'"

The hoax wound up with the following antidote:

"*The Moral of the Whole.*—Of course the entire story given above is a pure fabrication. Not one word of it is true. Not a single act or incident described has taken place. It is a huge hoax, a wild romance, or whatever other epithet of utter untrustworthiness our readers may choose to apply to it."

The general effect of this audacious hoax may be imagined from the tone of the *Times* article, but what the public was not told at the time may be worth repeating now as a matter of interesting record. Let me tell my own experience first.

While I was still in bed one of my children ran up to me with the *Herald* in her hand. "Oh, papa, what a dreadful thing!"

I laughed.

"Haven't you read it? Didn't you know of it last night before you came home?" the child asked, with big staring eyes, and then ran to her mother.

When I went down to my breakfast I found my wife had kept the children from school, the servants were afraid to go out of doors on errands, and every face was unusually pale.

"Don't you see it's all a joke? Read the end of the article," I said.

I started for a barber shop, where three or four persons were waiting to be shaved, and as I entered I heard one of them observe, "That's an awful affair."

"What?" demanded the barber, who had not yet looked at his paper.

"The escape of the wild beasts at Central Park," was the answer.

"What! What's that?" exclaimed the customer who had been lathered and was being shaved.

"Haven't you read the account in the *Herald* of the escape of the wild beasts? They are roaming all over town."

The shavee leaped from the barber's chair, and ran out without coat or hat.

I started for downtown, and met a friend on my way to the cars.

"For my part, I don't like that hoax. It is too serious," said my friend. (Cold bath No. 1.)

When I sat down in the horse-car, a gentleman began talking to his neighbor about the "awful calamity"; the neighbor only asked, "Are the beasts still at large?" and being informed they were, started to his feet, pulled the strap of the car, and left without another word, clutching his cane nervously, as if fearful of encountering one of the escaped animals. (Cold bath No. 2. I could not smile any longer.)

Before the car reached Forty-second Street I had received such a number of cold baths, I had seen so many evidences of the bad success of the hoax, that I was thoroughly alarmed and disgusted. So I got out of the car, and began walking down Fifth Avenue, until I encountered newsboys yelling "Extry *Heralds*," "Escape of the wild beasts," "Great loss of life," and other startling catchcries. I was amazed and horrified. To get rid of the sight and hideous noise I jumped into a cab, and was driven down to the *Herald* office, where the newsboys were yelling and the presses dashing off the extras, which of course I immediately stopped.

A little army was waiting to see me, and in spite of the dreadful anxiety that was at my heart, I found it impossible not to laugh over some of the comic incidents related to me. The police reporter had the funniest story to tell about the excitement at Headquarters. It seems the editors and city editors of all the papers had gone off at "half-cock." They had only read the startling head-lines before rushing from their homes in the early morning to despatch reporters to Headquarters and everywhere else for the latest particulars of the "awful calamity." Superintendent Walling was fooled with the rest, for with a bare glance at the alarming news, it seems, he went in all haste to Police Headquarters and telegraphed instructions to every police precinct how to meet the emergency. He had no time to finish the reading of the article before a mob of excited reporters were upon him, clamoring for "The news! the news!" some of them even accusing him of having shown special favor to the *Herald*.

"Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor I knew absolutely nothing of this dreadful affair until I saw it in the *Herald* a short time ago," said the Superintendent, with hands raised in a deprecatory manner above the heads of the reporters. "I don't understand how it could have all happened without earlier knowledge on my part."

The truth was finally stated to the reporters by a detective, who arrived in the midst of Superintendent Walling's bombardment by the reporters.

"You're a pooty lot of fellows, ain't you?" said the detective. "Follerin' a big scent, ain't you? Smarter 'n the police, eh?"

The detective had been scored by some of the reporters, and enjoyed their dismay, standing before them in a tantalizing way with hands in his pockets.

"What's the matter with you anyhow?" retorted one of the reporters, angrily. "Do you know anything about it? Have you any particulars?"

"All the particulars you'll ever get, I guess," was the sneering answer. "Can't youse fellers read? Don't you see it's all a hoax? Look at the end of the screed and try."

Superintendent Walling was grievously annoyed when he found himself "sold," and all the reporters enjoyed the misery of "the old chief," whom they had suspected of favoritism.

All the papers bitterly denounced the hoax, but none with half the severity of the *Times*, whose editor, it is related, quitted his house early in the morning in a hurry, with a brace of pistols, prepared to shoot the first animal that would cross his path. It was some comfort to know that if I had been sold myself, the vituperative editor of the *Times* had been doubly sold. I should say that it was not the present genial editor Miller, nor any one now in the employ of that paper.

As for Mr. Bennett, the present owner of the *Herald*, all he had to say to me when we met was this:

"The fun of it all is my friends won't believe such a serious man as you originated the hoax. They all blame me for it."

A curious coincidence that may be mentioned is that while in the hoax General John A. Dix was represented as shooting the Bengal tiger, in reality he did sally forth on the morning of the publication armed with a rifle, firmly believing that the *Herald's* story was true, and that danger might lurk at any corner. He had only glanced at a few lines of the heading, without observing his own name figuring in large type as one of the heroes of the hoax.

At some of the public schools, the teachers not having arrived at the usual hour, the doors were closed by the janitor, and the children sent home again.

Commander (now Admiral) D. L. Braine, U. S. N., was then on duty with his ship somewhere in Europe, and wrote me an amusing letter, which would be good reading now if I could put my finger on it. I only remember that he shut himself up in his cabin, threatening to shoot anybody who would interrupt him while reading the "awful calamity," and that his *billet-doux* concluded with a jocose promise to put a bullet in me the first time we met.

I was very anxious for some days after the publication, not on account of the hue-and-cry to have the proprietor and manager indicted by the Grand Jury, but through the fear that some supersensitive and nervous people might have been frightened to death. But fortunately no such cases were reported —none such ever occurred—and the *Herald* circulation, so far as I was able to learn, did not drop by so much as one subscriber.

One remarkable circumstance should not be omitted in connection with this history of the hoax, namely, that soon after its publication the rhinoceros at the Zoo in London actually did break loose, much in the manner described by Mr. Clarke, but fortunately without any tragic consequences.

The hoax was followed by many imitations here and in Europe, the most notable of which was the man-and-mastiff fight published by the London *Daily Telegraph*. It is true the managers of that remarkable sheet have always stoutly denied that it was a hoax, but the evidence on the other side was too strong to admit of a doubt that the man-and-mastiff fight was invention from beginning to end.

ROCKED ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE.

The landsman tourist or commercial traveller speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues, to feel the extreme of human misery during his transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise prescience, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and then cease ere the good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our yachtsmen, summer voyagers, tourists, and business men do know it.—[*Adv.*]

A SILVER QUARTER

sent safely, with your address, to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill., will fetch to you by mail, without delay, a portfolio containing a highly colored, correct lithographic view of the World's Fair Grounds and Buildings (done by the famous artist, Charles Graham), together with numerous other beautiful lithographic and half-tone views of unsurpassed lake and river scenery in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Michigan. The "Quarter"—otherwise twenty-five cents in silver or U. S. postage stamps—just covers the cost of the portfolio. We pay for sending it to you.

The supply is limited; therefore, send address at once, or not later than July 15, 1893.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A CULTIVATED TASTE

would naturally lead a person possessing it to prefer the best things obtainable and guard against imperfections. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unequalled in quality, as a trial will prove. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

When the blood is pure, the bowels in good order, and the liver active, it is a pleasure to live, and these blessings can be secured by using Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

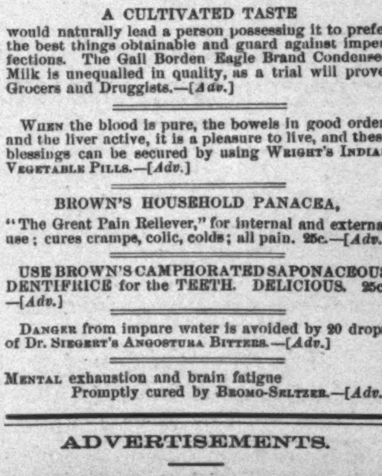
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Danger from impure water is avoided by 20 drops of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Mental exhaustion and brain fatigue
Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centres of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, centre of hotel and residence section, and the only railroad station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series," send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Grand Central Station, N. Y.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

If afflicted with sore eyes use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

"SIX MONTHS IN HADES."

A TRULY MARVELLOUS TALE OF TO-DAY.

$1000 Prize Novel in

GREAT SUMMER NUMBER OF

Tales from Town Topics.

JUST OUT.

In addition to the prize story of 150 pages there are 50 racy short stories, sketches, poems, and witticisms from the old issues of *Town Topics*, that famous and spicy New York journal known wherever English is read. No book published this year will afford such delicious entertainment for hours of summer leisure and travel.

All News and Book stands, or send price, 50 cents, to **TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23d St., New York.**

☞ $1.00 pays 3 months' trial subscription to *Town Topics*, and you will get any back number of "Tales" FREE.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

Unsurpassed by any hotel in the country for the beauty of its surroundings, the excellence of its accommodations, and the high order of its patronage. Most desirable for families and tourists.

C. H. Greenleaf & Co., Proprietors.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

PROFILE HOUSE AND COTTAGES.

The largest of the leading first-class Summer Hotels, situated in the beautiful Franconia Notch, which possesses many points of attraction unequalled in New England. Open June 25th to October 1st.

Special rates for families in July. Best of accommodations for private horses.

For rooms, address, until June 15th, **C. H. Greenleaf & Co.,** Hotel Vendome, Boston; later, **Taft & Greenleaf,** Profile House, N. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY. ILLUSTRATED EDITION. A Short History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN. Edited by Mrs. J. R. GREEN and Miss KATE NORGATE. With Portrait, Colored Plates, Maps, and Many Illustrations. Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops. Vols. I. & II. ready. Price, $5 00 per volume. Vol. III. in Press.

THE STORY OF A STORY, AND OTHER STORIES. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

PRIMARY CONVICTIONS: Being Discussions on Subjects Connected with the Evidences of Christianity (Columbia College Lectures, 1892). By WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Compromise of 1850. By JAMES FORD RHODES. Vol. I., 1850-1854; Vol. II., 1854-1860. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00. *Second Edition.*

RAFTMATES. By KIRK MUNROE, Author of "Canoemates," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By HORATIO BRIDGE, U.S.N. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 25.

JANE FIELD. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

WHITE BIRCHES. A Novel. By ANNIE ELIOT. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SINGING. By CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

A GOLDEN WEDDING, and Other Tales. By RUTH MCENERY STUART. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

WOLFENBERG. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ATHELWOLD. A Play. By AMÉLIE RIVES. Illustrated. Printed with Wide Margins on Hand-made and Deckel-edged Paper. 16mo, Bound in Cloth, $1 25.

TIME'S REVENGES. A Novel. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN. By the Hon. Sir ARTHUR GORDON. With Photogravure Portrait. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00. ("The Queen's Prime Ministers Series.")

KATHARINE NORTH. A Novel. By MARIA LOUISE POOL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE DICTATOR. A Novel of Politics and Society. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE SERIES. Latest Issues:

"The Rivals." A Story. By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE. Translated by Walter Learned.

"The Unexpected Guests." A Farce. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

"Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa." By HENRY M. STANLEY.

"Whittier: Notes of His Life and of His Friendships." By Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS.

"Giles Corey, Yeoman." A Play. By MARY E. WILKINS.

"The Japanese Bride." By NAOMI TAMURA.

"Coffee and Repartee." By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents each.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

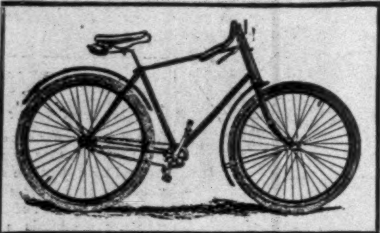
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

8% FIRST MORTGAGES on improved property. Interest payable semi-annually in **GOLD** and **Guaranteed.** Conservative appraisals and certified photographic views of the securities mailed **FREE.** Unquestionable references. Write for particulars. **THE NORTH AMERICAN FINANCE CO., Minneapolis, Minn.**

J. S. BARNES, Pratt, Kansas, sells and rents real estate, **makes collections, and effects settlement of defaulted loans.** Correspondence solicited. Send for full information and references *near* you.

8% WARRANTS
Of Oregon and Washington our specialty.
WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT CO.,
Investment Bankers, Fairhaven, Wash.
EASTERN OFFICE, 31 Equitable Bldg., BOSTON.

NOMAD CYCLE.
Strictly High Grade.



Nomad Model of 1893, **$100.**
Send for Catalogue.
Houghton & Dutton,
BOSTON, MASS.

Strength, Speed, —and— Sterling Worth characterize **The WINTON**

as the wheel for all wheelmen. Noted for its **Lightness, Grace, Beauty, Simplicity, Durability.** Its individual merits, and the reasons for its growing popularity are detailed in the **Winton** catalogue. A book of bicycle knowledge *FREE* to wheelmen. **THE WINTON BICYCLE CO., 131 Perkins Ave., CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

The Monarch

KING OF THEM ALL.
24 Page Catalogue Free. Agents Wanted.
MONARCH CYCLE CO.
Lake and Halstead Sts., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

The name to remember when buying a **BICYCLE** is A. W. GUMP & CO., DAYTON, OHIO. **$30 to $50 saved** on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over 2000 in stock. Cash or time. **Agents wanted.**

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Arnold Constable & Co

Spring and Summer Silks.

Chine and Figured Taffetas, Solid Color and Changeable Taffetas and Surahs, Brocaded Glace and Ombre Effects, Colored Satins, Glace Satin Royale, Vrille, Cristal, Velouline, and Bengaline.

SUMMER SILKS, RONGEANTS,
India Pongees, Corahs, China Wash Silks.
CREPES, GAZES, GRENADINES.
Lyons Velvets.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

Good! Better! Best!
. . THIS YEAR'S . .
Warwicks
. . THE . . .
Best we've ever made.
Better can't be made.
Good all the way through.

THEY WEIGH FROM 22 TO 34 LBS.
New Factory, New Machinery, Result: PERFECTION.

THE 1893 WARWICKS must be seen to be appreciated. If you see, you'll ride one. We describe them in a very complete catalogue, which you, in justice to yourself (and ourselves), should send for.

Warwick Cycle Mfg. Co.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

REMINGTON BICYCLES.

Equalled by Few.
Excelled by None.
Three Patterns for '93.

Responsible agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

Send for catalogue.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY,
313-315 Broadway, N. Y.

$20 **Buy Direct and Save** 50 *Per Cent.*

All riders say they cannot see how we can do it for the money: $20 buys an elegant Oxford finely finished and nickel plated Bicycle, warranted to be first class, simple in construction, strong, durable and acurately fitted, which makes riding on our Wheel a pleasure instead of hard work; material we use is of the highest grade, each wheel guaranteed. Write to-day for our illustrated FREE catalogue.
DEPT. B.—OXFORD MFG. CO. 338 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

The Orcutt Comp'y Leading Lithographers Chicago.
W. B. ORCUTT, Gen. Man. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Redfern

World's Fair Gowns and Coats.
Yachting, Tennis, Coaching Suits.
1830 Fichus.

SUMMER PRICES.

Foulard, Lace, and Redfern gowns made in a few days at **reduced prices** during the summer months in order to keep our very large staff of experienced work-people employed.

BROWN HOLLAND AND LINEN SUITS.

1702 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO.
210 Fifth Ave. (next Delmonico's), N. Y.
NEWPORT, R. I.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME
includes the great temperance drink
Hires' Root Beer
It gives New Life to the Old Folks, Pleasure to the Parents, Health to the Children.
Good for All—Good All the Time.
A 25 cent package makes Five gallons. Be sure and get HIRES.'

WALTER BAKER & CO.

Breakfast Cocoa
Absolutely Pure and Soluble.
NO ALKALIES or OTHER CHEMICALS or DYES
are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrowroot, or Sugar, and is far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup*** It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"Varnish is varnish" in the same sense that music is music.

The piano seems to get a new soul under the touch of Paderewsky.

It seems to get a new body under the splendid look of a really fine varnish.

Our "People's Text-Book"—sent free—will tell you how to make sure of fine varnish.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

MECHANICAL DRAWING, MECHANICS, MINING, ARITHMETIC, ETC., PROSPECTING,
MAY BE STUDIED At Home
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME FROM WORK.
To begin students only need to know how to read and write. Send for FREE Circular giving full particulars to **The Correspondence School of Mechanics or The Correspondence School of Mines, Scranton, Pa.**

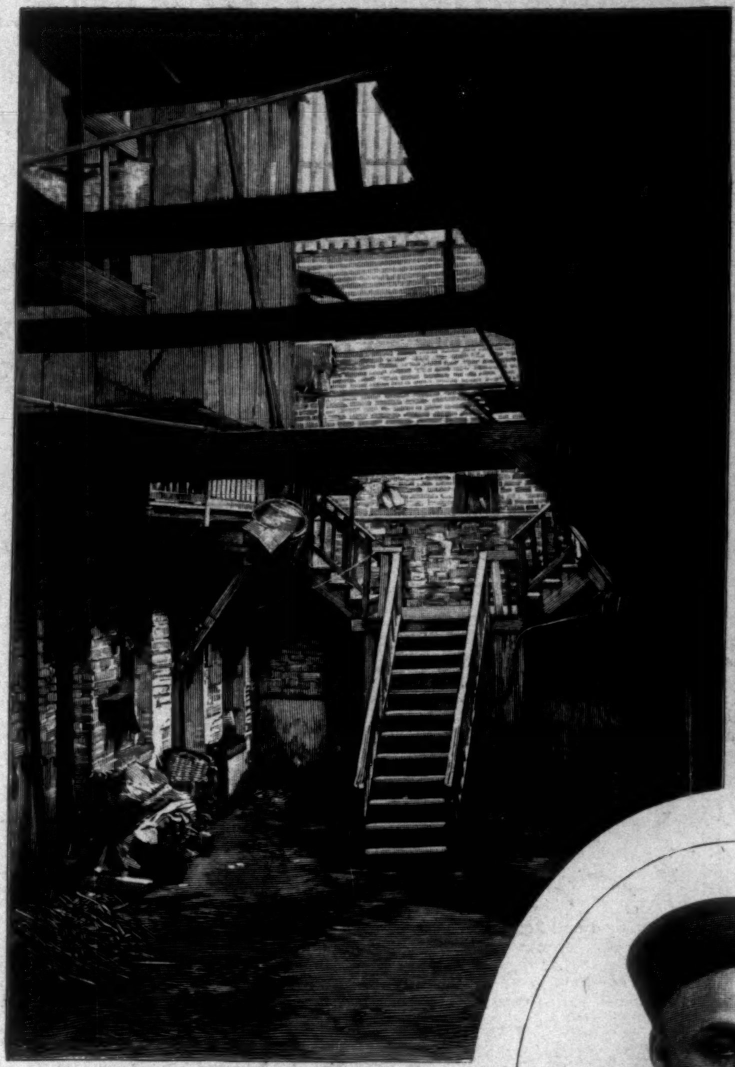
H. W. JOHNS' *Liquid Paints*

These Paints are composed of pure linseed oil and the highest grade of pigments. They are combined by processes exclusively our own and are unequaled by any in richness and permanency of color. One gallon will cover from 275 to 300 square feet, two coats without thining and can be safely thinned with 1/2 gallon linseed oil to one gallon paint for first coat.

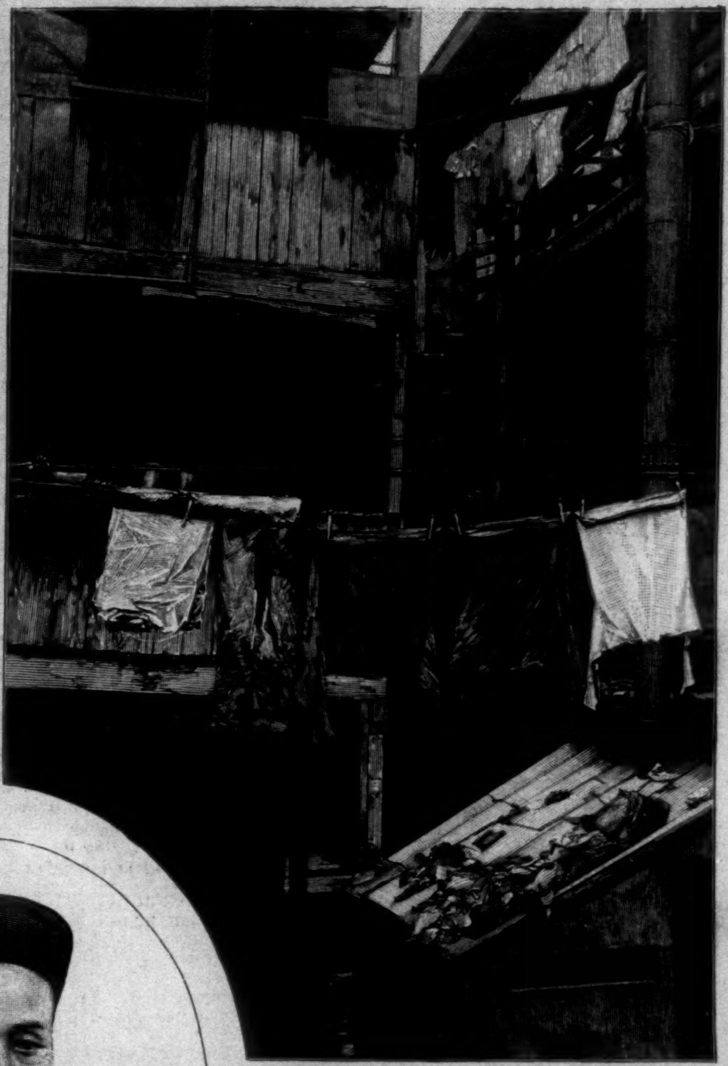
SAMPLE CARD OF 56 SHADES, INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE AND SUGGESTIONS FOR PAINTING ETC. FREE BY MAIL.

NEW YORK JERSEY CITY CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ATLANTA

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO.

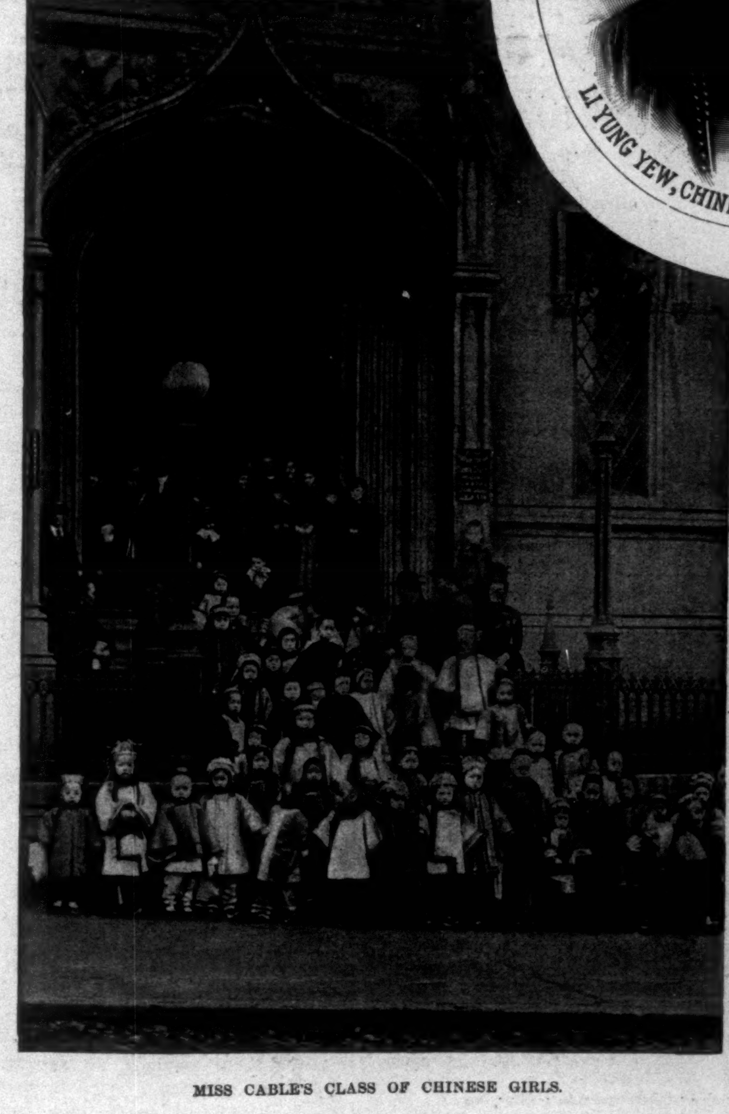


A TYPICAL CHINESE ROOKERY.

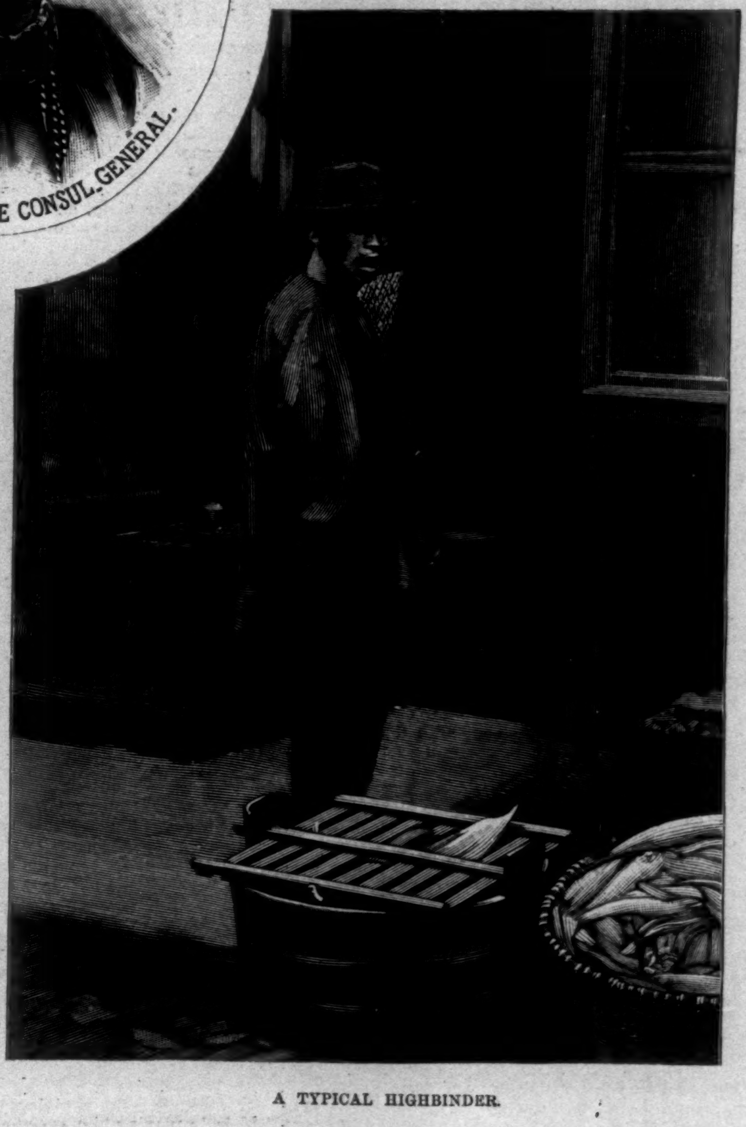


INTERIOR COURT-YARD OF CHINESE "PALACE HOTEL."

LI YUNG YEW, CHINESE CONSUL-GENERAL.



MISS CABLE'S CLASS OF CHINESE GIRLS.



A TYPICAL HIGHBINDER.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

AMATEUR SPORT.—(Continued from page 532.)

and 17 goals; 1892, 8 members and 18 goals; 1893, 12 members and 21 goals.

The Country Club of Brookline, Massachusetts, was organized last year, and entered the Association with 8 members, whose aggregate handicap was 11 goals, and this year it has the same number of members and 12 goals.

The Westchester Club in 1890 had 15 members and 13 goals; 1891, 9 members and 20 goals; 1892, 8 members and 23 goals, and 1893, 8 members and 23 goals.

The Hingham Club in 1891, its year of début, had 10 members and no goals charged to any one, in 1892 it stood in the same position, and this year it has 8 members and 1 goal.

The Philadelphia Country Club in 1890 had 13 members and no handicap; 1891, 12 members and 3 goals; 1892, 11 members and 6 goals; 1893, 16 members and 7 goals.

Taking all things into consideration, the Philadelphia Club has made the most satisfactory progress in the game of any one of them. They began with no knowledge whatever. They have labored under the great disadvantage of being removed from the centre of play, and yet they have shown a steady though small improvement every year.

The Oyster Bay Club in 1890 had 10 members and no goals; 1891, 11 members and 4 goals; 1892, 11 members and 8 goals. This was a banner year for the club, as it happened that a couple of good players were located at the bay during the season; and while it looks, as compared with this year's handicap, as though the club had gone down hill, as a matter of fact it is simply that the members who raised the handicap have moved their tents to other shores. This year the club has 9 members and a gross handicap of 3 goals.

The Tuxedo Polo Club joined the Association in 1891 with 12 members and a handicap of 5 goals; 1892, 13 members and 5 goals; and this year it has 10 members and the same number of goals.

The Country Club of St. Louis, the latest member of the Association, came in this year, and no man among the 14 members is handicapped a solitary goal.

THERE HAVE BEEN FEW CHANGES in the individual handicaps. In one or two instances they show the result of natural progress in the game, but in most of the cases where the handicaps are changed this year from what they were last it is simply the result of some of the men getting back into their usual form. Last year, 1892, showed a very considerable overhauling of the handicap list, for with the publication in April the handicaps of 19 men had been reduced 26 goals, and, on the other hand, there were but 13 who had improved their game for 18 goals. This year only 8 men have improved their game sufficiently to have their handicap increased, and in no instance is it raised more than one goal each. This is surely not a very encouraging report. Considerable space has been given this matter here, because the game is such a good one and there is such a chance in this country for its development. It is the opinion of men who follow these things closely that the present arrangement of the Association's schedule of games is in a very large measure accountable for the indifferent play and the failure to produce new material yearly. There seems only one way for polo to attain its proper height in this country—first, by the Association extending its influence throughout such sections as present likely players, and encouraging them; and second, by establishing in some central city in the East a field on which for one week in a year there might be veritable championship games.

THE ATTEMPT WHICH HAS BEEN MADE every year now for some time to cover an extended circuit wears out both the ponies and the men. This is proved every season by the great number of entries that are scratched. The teams start off fresh enough, but when they have played a week or two it is found impossible to keep all the engagements. To show more clearly what is meant: The Meadowbrook Club has its tournament from May 27th to June 1st; the Country Club of Westchester from June 5th to June 10th; the Philadelphia Club from June 12th to 17th; the Essex County Club at Orange, New Jersey, from June 19th to July 1st; the Rockaway Club, at Cedarhurst, Long Island, from July 3d to July 15th; and the Oyster Bay Club, also of Long Island, from July 17th to July 27th; the Westchester Polo Club has from August 14th to August 26th; the Hingham Club, from August 28th to September 2d; the Country Club of Brookline, from September 4th to September 14th; and the Tuxedo Club from September 25th–30th.

The point made here is that from the opening of the polo season until its closing, with the exception of the interval between the Oyster Bay tournament, ending July 27th, and the opening of the Newport tournament, August 14th, only two days intervene. If any team should attempt to go through such a season their horses would be legless long before it was over, and the men pretty well worn out, throwing aside all question of whether they could take time from their business. More than any other illustration that could be made, does this demonstrate the vital necessity of having good second elevens if any progress in the game is to be made from year to year.

EVERY POLO CLUB WANTS AT SOME TIME during the season a tournament on the home grounds. Particularly is this true since the clubs are almost invariably one and the same with the country clubs. If there were good second elevens there would be no difficulty of holding interesting tournaments, but as there are none, and as the first elevens cannot hope to even make a pretence of getting around the Association circuit, the tournament generally resolves itself into a contest between the home club and the one nearest resident. It would seem that this was sufficiently clear to convince polo men, but the majority of the country club members play the game for a bit of recreation, and care little whether it is developed beyond their own vicinity or not.

There is an opportunity just now to secure grounds in New York city and make such a centre as Hurlingham, England. The land at 155th Street and Sixth Avenue, part of which is known as the Manhattan Field and the other as the baseball field, could be secured and turned into one large field. If the polo men, the pony-racing men, and the men interested in the Horse Show Association would combine their interests and invest in this property, a polo field, a hunting-course, a race track, and general athletic field could be made that would more than pay for itself at all seasons of the year. There is no end to the value this ground could be made to hunting and polo men. There would be always an opportunity of keeping the horses in form, and it could become the site of an annual polo championship week which would give this sport the encouragement and attention of which it stands in great need in this country.

THE HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW is attempting such a grand work for the breeders of this country, there should be no inclination to criticise whatever crudities may crop up incidentally in the management. We stand sorely in need of some body of men who have the courage and the capital to establish an annual show where we may have the opportunity of encouraging the breeder of horseflesh. The show held in the autumn in Madison Square Garden undoubtedly serves its purpose, which is for "society" to array itself in purple and fine linen, and divide, if not monopolize, attention due the horses, but it is doubtful if it will ever do more for the breeders than it has done, which is practically nothing. We are all fond of looking on thoroughbreds, whether woman or horse, but the mere admiration of the public has been found in the horse line to be of very little value to the breeder. It is a fact that the greatest number of exhibits at the autumn show come from the wealthier members of our society, and include hackneys of all sizes and hunters of endless variety and pedigree. We would not miss the autumn show for a great deal. It serves its purpose, as said before, and is a very delightful preliminary to the winter season, for everybody who is anybody comes into town in time for this horse show. Fortunately, among the members of the Horse Show Association are a few who have really in mind the improvement of American horseflesh. Last year they organized this Horse and Cattle Show Society, and held their first out-door show. From a financial point of view it was a failure; from a sportsman's point of view it marked a turning-point in American horse-breeding, which means much to those who will take the trouble to look into the matter. This year, despite the fact of their financial reverses, despite the fact that the Association is even now in the hands of receivers, these few sportsmen have stuck valiantly to their colors, and are holding a show this year, which will begin June 5th, and last until June 10th.

IT IS PRACTICALLY SAFE even at this early date to hazard the opinion that the show will be a financial success this year. There are some $20,000 in prizes offered by the society, and aside from this is $6000 offered in special prizes, so there is every likelihood this generous offering will attract horsemen who last year failed to respond from pure sportsmanship. There is no way of appealing to the average man so successfully as *vid* his pocket. The entries to the show this year are a tremendous improvement over those of last year, and a particularly encouraging point is that they come from men who have never had any exhibit before. Besides the prizes offered by the society, many improvements will be made in the general arrangement of the grounds, foremost of which is taking the boxes out of the front of the new grand stand and making it a good promenade; and then that exasperating gravel walk which ran along one side of the field will be replaced by boards; the end of the grand stand adjoining the club-house will be cleared and floored over and provided with tables, so that the overflow from the dining-room of the club-house will find room to sit down and have a bite. The list of special prizes amounts to such an encouraging figure that it seems hypercritical to point out any instances of bad judgment in the individual offerings, but it is too bad that business houses could not have offered their prizes under individual names rather than under the firm names, since it savors of advertising. There is not a great deal of originality shown in the list, though there are a few very notable exceptions. If men could only be induced to offer prizes for different types of horses from their useful point of view, it would do so much more good than running endlessly on through the gradations of any one class.

CARTER DEFEATED PRINCETON IN GOOD STYLE at New Haven, Saturday, 5–1. The rest of the Yale nine had but little to do, for, as usual when this lengthy Brooklynite occupies the box, the opposing batters went out in an uninteresting succession of ineffectual fannings of the air. Beall, who just comes up to Carter's elbow, seems to be the next best man for Yale. He knows how to get from first base around to the plate, and will do it more often than any other three men on the nine—just as he showed he could in this game. The balance of the Yale nine have no idea of base-running, and threw themselves away whenever they were given an opportunity. Case can do better, probably, but the rest are evidently hopeless. Carter let up so much when men were on the bases that he ought to have been hit. In the attempts to make his motion quicker, and thus enable his catcher to get the runner, he weakens his delivery very much, and some one will pound him at that time if he doesn't stop it. His opponent, Stephenson, seems to have opened his eyes, and with Beall carried off the hitting honors for Yale. Kedzie played a brilliant game behind the bat, but he let one or two foul flies get away from him on account of the wind. Princeton's only run came through Bliss's two consecutive errors at short, a fumble, and a wild throw. Rustin played a steady game at third, but was accidentally spiked in the sixth inning by McKenzie. Arbuthnot took his place and played a cool, errorless game.

DRAKE PITCHED AN EXCELLENT GAME. He hasn't the natural advantages of Carter in speed, but outplayed him entirely in keeping men on bases. In fact, he had the Yale runners shaking in their boots on first before three innings had been played. It takes the cleverest of work to get a start for second with Drake in the box. Trenchard held him well, and threw accurately. The loss of Brooks made the Princeton in-field unsteady in the first inning, and gave Yale a lead at once, but after this their play was good, Mackenzie doing particularly fine work. King's handling of Trenchard's throws to second gave Hedges a point or two. His batting was not strong. He struck out at the beginning of the game, and when he hit, the ball went high. Payne was, by all odds, the most likely at the bat. He repeatedly showed a good eye, and was the only man to face Carter with any confidence of finding the ball. Taking the game as a whole, it did not seem that the Princeton nine was of the calibre to cope successfully with Harvard at their next meeting, nor could the Yale nine, for that matter, without their phenomenal pitcher. If Harvard can get some men on the bases they will shake up the Yale combination, but to do that they must hit the ball, a thing that neither Brown, Pennsylvania, nor Princeton has yet been able to do with any great measure of success.

No protest was made by Princeton against the playing of Kedzie, and the conclusion is that either there is no cause for protest, or Princeton is paying out rope and Yale is hanging herself with it.

If Kedzie is not eligible under the undergraduate ruling, Yale, in playing him, is committing the most serious breach in her athletic history, and one that must always reflect much discredit on the blue.

The Princeton nine has lost a fine first-baseman in replacing Otto with Guild, and certainly in the Yale game the value of the change was not apparent how advantageous the change will be. Guild is a better batter, and the nine needs stick-work, but he is not Otto's equal at first, and the erratic throwing in some of the games has shown that a "tank" is needed on that bag. It is doubtful if Guild's batting will more than balance Otto's fielding.

THERE HAS BEEN LATELY MORE talk of Murphy's playing upon the Yale 'varsity nine, but it has not yet resulted in the reappearance of that clever little player upon anything but the Law School nine, and that only in a game or two. There is no telling, however, how far the management would go in eating humble-pie, if that report meant also a dessert upon Harvard. Murphy was a bit sore upon his non-reëlection to the captaincy, and needed more urging evidently than his successor felt was consistent with good discipline. But it is easy to see that second at least in the Yale in-field could be covered with greater success by the ex-captain than by the present incumbent, and Murphy was always a brilliant base-runner.

THE PRINCETON–UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA baseball game, May 24th, in which the former won—20–8—is not worth space for comment, but is summed up in saying that Penn. started in the game with the idea that it was all over but the shouting, and the first three innings were of a nature to bear out their confidence. In the fourth inning Princeton found the U. of P. pitcher, Reese, for four hits, and this, with errors, netted five runs. Reese lost his nerve, and the Penn. nine went to pieces, Princeton scoring *twelve runs* in the sixth inning.

THE YALE-AMHERST GAME, which the latter really should have won, was a very discouraging exhibition on the part of the Yale team, and developed Carter's perhaps greatest weakness. It worries him to have men on bases, and his speed and control both diminish. This is due partly to the fact that up to this time he has not been coached on keeping men on their bases without losing his form, and partly, perhaps principally, because of his lack of confidence in the men behind him. With a thrower like Kedzie it ought to be much harder work to get around Yale's diamond. Bliss's football knee is beginning to trouble him, and it seems as if it would be advisable to bring Beal in at short, and have Bliss resume his old position in right-field. Beal is made for an in-fielder, he has had experience in Yale's in-field, and he can cover ground.

Colby's pitching against Yale should give Amherst encouragement against Dartmouth and Williams. The New Haven men could not hit him, and he is likely to be a puzzle to whatever batters he opposes.

SURELY ONE OF THE CHARMS of all athletic contests is the uncertainty that encircles the outcome of every match, whether on land or on the water, and the variations of form through which every team or crew is liable to pass up to almost the supreme moment. The Yale crew (at the present writing, May 25th) presents a striking object-lesson of this particular. At times during the spring the crew has been doing good, very good, work, improving every day it spent on the water. It is only ten days ago the boat seemed to go fast, and the work was of a promising nature. To one who knows the men have done honest, faithful work, and been under a coacher's eye constantly the reversal of form the last few days is incomprehensible. The men are not pulling together as they did two weeks ago, and the shell is unsteady, and stops between strokes, and is slow in its onward course. Nos. 8 and 7 are working together well enough, but No. 6 rolls that huge body of his all over the boat, recovers with his blade too high, and then must necessarily be slow in picking up the water. No. 5 does not yet seem to know how to control the slide on the recovery, and thus breaks up the swing. Longacre, if he has acquired anything within the last two weeks, it must consist in *slowness*. Van Huyck, at No. 3, does not seem to sit up to his work as he ought to, although pulling a strong oar. Messler, at No. 2, is a new man, and the fact is noticeable. He is perfectly willing, no doubt, as are all the rest of the men, but he is slow, and does not utilize his strength to the best advantage.

Johnson at bow is doing good work. He can hardly be expected to swing with every one of five men, none of whom are swinging together, and on that account it looks as if he too were out of time. Bearing in mind that Yale sent an almost perfect crew to New London last year, the condition of this one probably seems worse than it really is in comparison. Since it has shown good work only two weeks ago, it is very likely, with the number and quality of coachers it will have at New London, we shall see it again regain its promising condition.

UNCERTAINTY MARKS THE PROGRESS of the Harvard crew. To-day they may send their shell through the water smoothly, without a splash and at a fair rate of speed. The chances are to-morrow you would not know they were the same crew. So it has been during the past two weeks—one day marked by a good piece of rowing, the next by an equally poor exhibition. They have now reached the critical point of their existence, and one which calls for an increased mental and physical effort on the part of each and every man, and the most careful handling on the part of the coach. A well-combined effort now, a better mastering of the stroke, a stronger determination to get and keep together, and Harvard will have a crew at New London, instead of two "four-oars" rowing in an eight-oared shell, as she had last. The individual members of the crew are intelligent, they have been well coached on the principles of good rowing, they can row well when they try, and yet there are times when their work is utterly discouraging to the coach. If the shell rolls, they let her roll. If No. 7 splashes, the whole starboard side follows suit. Unison is the one thing *par excellence* to be hoped for in a crew; but when applied to a fault it plainly denotes that the men are not thinking. They are looking at each other's backs, following each other's blades, and rowing together. But they are not exercising their brains to make the most of their efforts. They are "rowing-machines," and not intelligent college oarsmen. An intelligent oarsman may strike the water once on the recover when surprised by a little rough water; but the next time his oar is in the air; he has gauged the proper height, and he swings it clear. Under the guidance of ex-Captain Perkins Harvard has been brought to a higher standard than it has reached for years past at a corresponding time of year; but the crew now needs the kind of coaching which ex-Captain Keyes can give.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

KNOWLEDGE

brings comfort and improvement, and tends to personal enjoyment, when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent and $1.00 bottles, but it is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name Syrup of Figs; and, being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Unless you are such a believer in faith cures as to be satisfied with a name, we have good reason to advise you to ask for CALISAYA LA RILLA when you wish to experience the benefits of a true preparation of Calisaya.

When one tastes Calisaya La Rilla, it is hard to understand that it is possible for such a delightful cordial to be rich in all the virtues of the best of all tonics—Calisaya Bark; but the characteristic restorative, tonic, bracing effects are soon in evidence.

To put it in other words, one bottle of Calisaya La Rilla, is, for all the medicinal properties of Calisaya worth eight bottles of any other elixir, cordial, wine, etc., of Calisaya. It is the most economical, most effective, and most agreeable.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

THE OBEAR RUBBER GLOVE

"HOLDS LIKE A VISE."

For Tennis, Polo, Hand Ball, Rowing, Fly Fishing, etc.

WRIGHT & DITSON, Agents, - - BOSTON, MASS.

OUR MAGIC LANTERNS WITH OIL LAMPS HAVE NO EQUAL

VIEWS OF ALL SUBJECTS

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

L. MANASSE

88 MADISON ST. CHICAGO ILL.

FREE TRIAL

WHY PAY DEALER'S PROFIT?

$2.75 buys a $9 White Reed Baby Carriage, freight prepaid, shipped on 10 days' trial. Latest design and style. Perfect, reliable and finely finished. Nothing but the best material used and warranted for 3 YEARS. We have been in the manufacturing business many years, and are reliable and responsible; make and sell nothing but what we can guarantee as represented, quote lowest *factory prices*. *Write to-day* for our large *free catalogue*, which is one of the most complete ever published.

OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

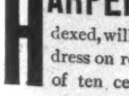
IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.

The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS Paralysis, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver, Nervous and Chronic Diseases Cured by Electricity. Greatest invention known. Circulars Free. 77 page book describing treatment. 10 cents. Prof. B. B. BLISS, Iowa Falls, Ia.

-A- TOILET Gem WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP. Gives Pearly Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath. 25c. Send for book "Care of Teeth," free. WRIGHT & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form

DEAFNESS Relieved by science. The greatest invention of the age Wilson's common sense ear drums; simple, practical, comfortable, safe, and invisible. No string or wire attachment. Try them and you will discard all others. *Write for Pamphlets.* Wilson Ear Drum Co., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Columbian Desk Catalogue 160-pages, postage 7c. Desks from $6.00 to $600.00.

American Desk & Seating Co.

270-272 Wabash Av., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

HARPER'S CATALOGUE thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

DR. LYON'S PERFECT

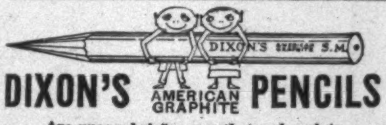
TOOTH POWDER

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. Price, 25c.

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Very Convenient for Tourists.

Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.



DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequaled for smooth, tough points.

Samples worth double the money for 16c.

Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

Mention *Harper's Weekly*.

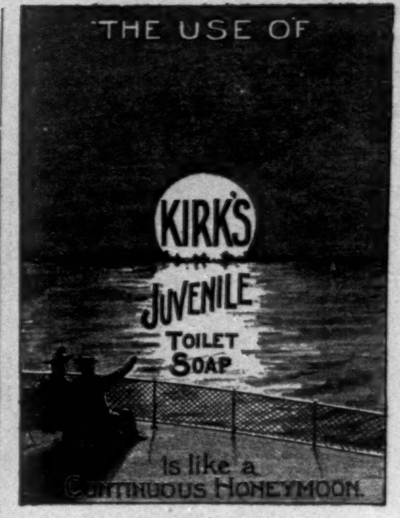
KODAKS

Take one with You to the World's Fair.

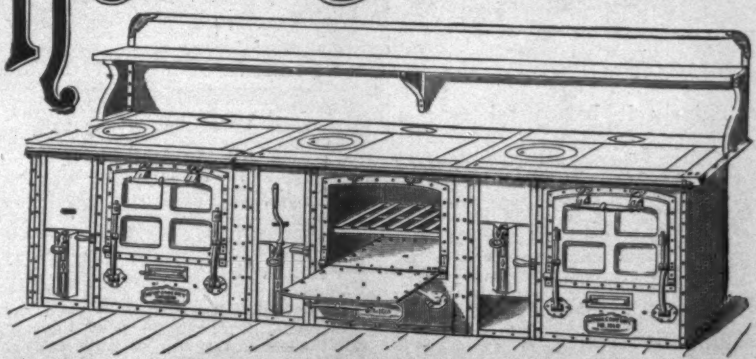
They're the only practical camera for the purpose. No bulky glass plates—no troublesome holders—no need of hunting up a dark room. With our special Columbian spools of film, containing 200 exposures, you can have your Kodak loaded before leaving home and can then "*press the button*" as often as you like while at the Fair without the necessity of reloading.

Eastman Kodak Co.,

Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.



HOME COMFORT



WROUGHT STEEL FRENCH RANGES

MADE ANY LENGTH DESIRED.

HOTEL KITCHEN OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

WROUGHT IRON RANGE COMPANY,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Branch Factory: TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.

FAMILY RANGES No. 64 and No. 65 ARE SOLD ONLY FROM COMPANY'S WAGONS BY THEIR TRAVELING SALESMEN.

Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, $1,000.000.

258,460 Home Comfort Ranges Sold to January 1st, 1893.

A New Principle applied to Consumption

And diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.

Report of Medical Commission showing results hitherto unknown and impossible by prevailing methods, also illustrated folder and addresses of patients cured sent on application.

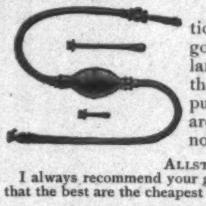
A WINTER and SUMMER RESORT of peculiar excellence, including separate sanitarium treatment by *strictly regular* physicians.

A Two Week's Stay will prove superiority over any climatic change.

Sterlingworth Sanitarium, Box 138, Lakewood-on-Chautauqua, New York

Quality First, Then Price.

The Original Davidson Syringe.



We prefer the reputation of making the best goods rather than the largest amount, knowing that from their superior purity and durability they are Safe, and more economical to those who buy.

ALLSTON, MASS., Jan. 3, 1893.

I always recommend your goods, and tell my patients that the best are the cheapest in the end.

DR. M. L. BROWN.

The Genuine is marked: Made by the

DAVIDSON RUBBER CO., Boston, Mass.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. $12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEP'T T.62 CHICAGO, ILL.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

44th Annual Session opens Sept. 27th, '93. A 4 years' graded course of Lectures, Quizzes, Laboratory and Clinical work. Students are also admitted to clinics of public Hospitals.

CLARA MARSHALL, M.D., Dean. 131 S. 18th St., Phila.

Refused; On Account of his Shape.

Obesity is a disease. Dr. Schindler-Barnay, of Vienna, has made it a life-long study. His writings are quoted in all medical text-books on this disease. Dr. Schindler's Marienbad Reduction Pills mailed upon receipt of $2.50. His treatise on obesity free upon application. EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Agents, New York.

The genuine Marienbad Pills must have Dr. Schindler-Barnay's signature on every box.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

MISS FLORENCE E. BEHLER,

No. 37 Alma St., Alleghany, Penna. writes: Derma-Royale works like a charm. My face was covered with freckles and in less than two weeks' time they are all gone. My complexion is now clear and white as a child's. Everyone can see what Derma-Royale did for me.

Mrs. Ella M. Murray, Newton, N. C. writes: I have used one bottle and have found a great change. I had what the doctors here called Skin Leprosy—large brown spots, causing no pain or trouble, except the looks. Now they have entirely gone and I can recommend Derma-Royale highly. Please send me your terms to agents.

May Von Hoene, No. 807 Dayton Street, Newport, Ky. writes: For nearly five years I was afflicted with eczema. My face was a mass of sores and scabs and the itching was terrible, I found nothing that could help me until I tried your Derma-Royale. I have not used quite a bottle and my skin is smooth and clear. I call myself cured, and consider Derma-Royale the greatest remedy in the world.

Miss Lillie Hanna, No. 23 Brainard Block, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: Your Derma-Royale cured my blackheads in two nights.

6183 SUCH TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED DURING 1892.

Nothing will CURE, CLEAR and WHITEN the skin so quickly as

DERMA-ROYALE

The new discovery for curing cutaneous affections, removing discolorations and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who incorporated it with well known curatives and prepared for us the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CAN NOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of eczema, pimples, blotches, moth-patches, brown spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations or blemishes, (excepting birth-marks, scars and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be) will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.

Price, $1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, $1. per bottle. Send money by registered letter or money order, with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received as cash.

Agents Wanted. Send for Terms. Sells on Sight,

Address The DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY,

Corner Baker and Vine Streets, - CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BEST NATURAL SPARKLING WINE

PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.